NEW SERIAL STARTS TO-DAY. (See Inside.)

DOLF BECK telling the story of martyrdom in to-day's SMITH'S WEEKLY.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

£2,000 Free Insurance.

TINY PURPLE EGGS will cure the worst attack of RHEUMATISM you ever suffered. Trial Box free from RHEUMOVOIDS Co., (J Department) 61 High Rd LEE London, S.E

No. 740.] Postage, One Penny. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1904. Entered at Stationers Hall. [Price One Penny.

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MEDICAL OPINION.

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IN PACKETS of 10 and 20.
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The slow digestion of meats and undercooked porridges robs the brain of its blood and makes it dull. Not only do Grape Nuts contain the brain-building elements phosphate of potash, albumen, etc., but they are quickly and easily assimilated and turned into blood, which the brain must have to do its work well.

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## "There are no Mantles so good as Welsbach."

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*"Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of all virtues."—Bishop Hall.*

## DRAWING AN OVERDRAFT ON THE BANK OF LIFE.

Late Hours, Fagged, Unnatural Excitement, Feverish Cold with High Temperature and Quick Pulse, Breathing Impure Air, too Rich Food, Alcoholic Drink, Gouty Rheumatic, and other Blood Poisons, Bilious, Sick Headache, Skin Eruptions, Pimples on the Face, Want of Appetite, Sourness of Stomach, &c., use

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**NO FAMILY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT.**

You cannot overstate its great value in keeping the blood pure and free from disease; with such a simple precaution the jeopardy of life is immensely increased.

**ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT' assists the functions of the LIVER, BOWELS, SKIN, and KIDNEYS, by natural means, and thus RECTIFIES THE STOMACH, and MAKES THE LIVER LAUGH WITH JOY.**

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**CAUTION.**—*Examine the Capsule and see that it is marked ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT', otherwise you have the sincerest form of flattery—IMITATION.*

PREPARED ONLY BY
J. C. ENO Ltd., 'FRUIT SALT' WORKS, LONDON, S.E., by J. C. ENO'S PATENT

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FOR HEADACHE & NEURALGIA, SAFE, SPEEDY, EFFECTIVE. CURES IN TEN MINUTES.

**ARE YOU QUITE PLEASED WITH YOURSELF? NO, NOT QUITE.**

If you feel you are not doing yourself justice, look to your food. You do not care to bother about experimenting? Well, Mr. Eustace Miles, whose meal Mr. P. Doubleyou liked so much, will map you out an individual diet, adapted to your special needs and circumstances, and will tell you just how to cook it, for a fee of only One Guinea. It will save you trouble and—in the long run—expense. So write AT ONCE to 10 St. Paul's Road, Cambridge.

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Legible as print, 6d. page; transposed correctly, 9d. page. Mrs. CONYERS, The Gables, Chagford, R.S.O., Devon. Recommended by the Marchioness of Waterford, Lady Arthur Hill, Miss Ellen Terry, etc.

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A Beautiful MOUSTACHE grows in a few days when using Dalmet's Pomatum. Tried, approved; recommended to all. Send 6d. in stamps for a box to Mr. B. DALMET, 43 Gray's Inn Road, London.

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For cleansing the skin and preserving it from roughness, blotches, hard water, cold, wind, and fog, Icilma Fluor Cream is unique and alone imparts the delicate transparent tints that need no powder. Price 1/-; send 2d., stamps, for 3 samples (different scents).—ICILMA Co. Ltd. (Dept. 47) 143 Gray's Inn Road, London, W.C.

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# FREE GIFTS TO ALL

**Purchasers of our Celebrated Packages, as set out below.**

We will give ABSOLUTELY FREE a pair of Beautiful Plaques, richly decorated in dark blue and gold. Also to the FIRST ORDER opened every morning we will present IN ADDITION a BEST ENGLISH CHINA TEA SET of beautiful design. Every piece gilt.

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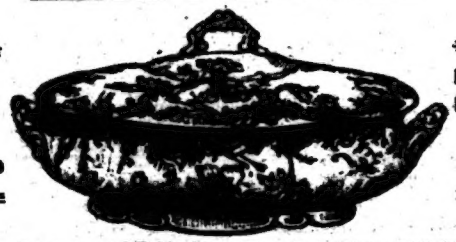
Dinner Set as included in our No. 3 Package



In Rich Brown, Peacock Blue, or Apple Green.

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**No. 3.** 1 Dinner Set (12 persons), Elite Pattern as shown with choice of colours stated, 1 best English China Tea Set (40 pieces), hand-fully decorated and gilt (well worth double) ... 25/- PACKED FREE.

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A Free Prize goes with every Order.

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THE 25/- 'ACME' SILVER LEVER WATCH

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**CAMBRIC** POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS

Hemstitched. per doz. Children's 1/3, Ladies' 1/6, Gents' 1/9. Hand-stitched. per doz. Ladies' 2/9, Gents' 3/11.

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Collars, Gentlemen's four-fold from 4/11 per doz. Cuffs for Ladies or Gentlemen from 5/11 per doz.

Shirts, Fine quality Long Cloth, 4-fold pure Linen Fronts, 35/6 per 1 doz. (to measure 2/- extra).

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N.B.—To prevent delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent direct to Belfast.

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SPECIAL OFFER FREE TRIAL
500 New 1904 Free Wheel Cycles, Cash £5 10s. to £6 18s. Above on approval willingly. Motor Cycles, 2½ h.p., £32, or £3 Monthly.—Dereham-road Cycle Co., Norwich.

4/- TO 20/- REPAIRS

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All Communications respecting Advertisements should be sent to the Advertisement Department, "PEARSON'S WEEKLY" Offices, HENRIETTA STREET, LONDON.

"The Mystery of a Silent Court"—the New Serial Story—Starts on Page 193.

ADOLF BECK RELATES THE STORY OF HIS MARTYRDOM IN SMITH'S WEEKLY.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY.

TO INTEREST TO ELEVATE, TO AMUSE.

A £50 MOTOR-BICYCLE IS OFFERED AS A PRIZE. SEE PAGE 191.

No. 740. TRANSMISSION AT BOOK RATES. WEEK ENDING SEPTEMBER 22, 1904. ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL. ONE PENNY.

## HAD LEARNT TO SAVE.

FATHER: "Halloa, where did you get all those toys?"

Son: "I bought 'em with the money you gave me."

Father: "But I gave you that money to teach you how to save."

Son: "Yes, pa; I kept it for three weeks until I learnt all about saving, and now I'm learning how to shop."

MRS. HOMELEIGH: "There is one certain thing about our girls—they are always self-possessed."

Papa Homeleigh (grimly): "Yes; they're too self-possessed. I wish they'd get someone else to possess them."

MOTHER: "How is it that you get so many bad marks at school?"

Little Johnny: "Well, the teacher has got to mark somebody, or else folks will think she ain't attending to her business."

## HOW WE GOT "MARMALADE."

THE word "marmalade" is apparently derived from the Portuguese *marmelo*, a "quince," which, again, is from Mid Latin *malomellum*, Greek *melinelon*, "honeyapple," or "sweet apple." The word is at least as old as the reign of Henry VIII. The following sentence occurs in a letter from that monarch:

"He most heartily thanketh her good ladyship for her marmario," which, by a comparison of other letters, was apparently made of quinces.

Anne Basset, Lady Lisle's daughter, gives the name "codiniac" to her mother's dainty. Her letters, giving the account of the presentation of the said marmalade to the King, and relating how he desired a repetition of the same as soon as might be, have been printed more than once.

POLITICIAN (arranging for music at political meeting): "Isn't that a big price? You may not have to play half-a-dozen times during the whole evening."

Brass Band Leader: "But, my dear sir, we have to sit there and listen to the speeches."

"MY boy," said the old gentleman, "there's only one thing that stands between you and success."

"And what is that?" asked the youth.

"If you worked as hard at working as you do at trying to find out some way to avoid working, you could easily acquire both fame and fortune!"

## HE STOOD THE TEST.

A DENTIST received a call the other morning from a couple whom he soon had reason to believe were lovers. The girl had an aching tooth, and as they entered the young man said:

"Now, darling, the worst is over. Just take a seat, and it will be out in a minute."

"Oh, I daren't," she gasped.

"But it really won't hurt you at all, you know."

"But I'm afraid it will."

"It can't. I'd have one pulled in a minute if it ached."

"I don't believe it."

"Well, then, I'll have one pulled out just to show you that it doesn't hurt."

He took a seat, leant back, and opened his mouth, and the dentist seemed to be selecting a tooth to seized with his forceps, when the girl protested:

"Hold on! The test is sufficient. He has proved his devotion. Move away, Harry, and I'll have it pulled."

She took the chair, had the tooth drawn without a groan, and as she went out she was saying to the young man:

"Now I can believe you when you declare that you would die for me."

And yet every tooth in his head was false.

*All rights reserved.*]

## NEARLY LOST.

**Telling of a Lovers' Reconciliation.**

I saw you pass by the gate last night,
Your lips were sternly set;
I watched you till you were out of sight,
Till mine eyes with tears were wet.
We had fallen out, and my heart was sore,
But you never turned your head,
Never saw the hands held out to implore,
Nor heard the words I said.
Ah love, the love we nearly lost,
For that our tears are vain;
We know not what our pride may cost
Nor what a word may gain!

To-night we met in the old, old place,
But I was proud and cold;
I would not look in your pleading face
Nor heed the tale you told,
But a long, long vista of lonely years
Before me seemed to lie,
As I laid my face with its sudden tears
On your heart, and the dream went by!
Ah love, the love we nearly lost,
For that our tears are vain;
We know not what our pride may cost
Nor what a word may gain!

"HAVE you heard of the latest invention?"

"No, what is it?"

"An arrangement by which a woman can hear what her dearest friends are saying about her after she has left the room."

"I ALWAYS knew that thirteen was an unlucky number. Jollie gave an awfully grand dinner the other night, and there were just thirteen at table."

"Well, what happened?"

"What happened? Why, I wasn't invited!"

## PROMPT PAYMENT.

AN insurance agent was boasting that his company recently paid a life policy to the widow the day after the funeral of her husband, and insisted that no company was ever so prompt in payment.

"That's nothing," replied the agent of another company; "one of our patrons recently fell from the top of a four storey building, and a cheque for the full amount of the policy was handed him as he passed the second storey window."

## IT COULDN'T BE A HORSE.

A LONDON boy was paying his first visit to the country, and his attention was drawn to a horse grazing at the roadside.

"That isn't a horse," he protested, "it is a cow."

Remonstrance on the part of his grown-up companion was in vain.

"It is not a horse," the town boy again declared, "it's a cow; horses has cabs to 'em."

HIXON: "Young Pellets tells me he makes a speciality of doctoring cats."

Dixon: "Well, his patients are fortunate."

Hixon: "How's that?"

Dixon: "They each have nine lives."

MR. SHORT: "My dear Miss Kate, I have a very serious question I wish to ask you."

Miss Long: "What is it, pray?"

Mr. Short: "Will you marry me?"

Miss Long (scornfully): "Do you call that serious, Mr. Short? Why, I don't think I ever heard anything so ridiculous."

## NEW AND CHEAPER MUSIC.

IN the last number of *P.W.* we gave you an outline of a new departure which we propose to make in publishing cheap music.

The reasons which prompted us to embark on this enterprise are twofold. The first is that, after investigations extending over several months, we have proved to our satisfaction that the British public has been paying in the past more than twice as much as it need for its music. And, secondly, we are convinced that the fact of issuing cheaper music would be so greatly appreciated by the public, that we shall not only be conferring a benefit upon the individual, but shall in spite of the small margin of profit on each copy, sell so many millions of copies, that we shall be able to obtain a good profit for ourselves.

In this new enterprise, however, *you*—the musical reader—will come off best. Someone has got to suffer, of course, and we are afraid that it will be those old-fashioned music-sellers who stick to the old-fashioned prices which bring them such enormous profits.

In the past the idea has existed that no really good music can be sold for less than 1s. 4d. People have a hazy notion that the cost of production is so great that the music-seller who disposes of a piece of music at this price is only getting a few coppers as his profit. Now, no greater mistake could be made. We shall prove it to you by publishing the compositions of some of the greatest composers of the day at 6d. each.

We do not intend to publish pirated editions, but we intend to give the newest and most up-to-date music it is possible to obtain anywhere in this country. In this way we anticipate selling millions of copies, where only thousands are sold at present.

Moreover, we are opening up new channels for the distribution of these copies. Perhaps there is not a music-seller in your district. Then go to your bookseller or to Messrs. W. H. Smith & Son's bookstall, and there you will be able to get what you want. Even your newsagent will get it for you.

Every music-seller, bookseller, and bookstall in the Kingdom will, on and after October 1st next, sell PEARSON'S 6D. MUSIC. Each song is published in two keys to suit every voice.

The first song we are issuing is one by GERALD LANE, entitled "HOMEWARD." It has charmed everyone who has heard it privately, and we are sure it will charm you. There will be a tremendous demand for this song, and, in order to prevent your being disappointed, may we ask you to order a copy to-day?

## EASY TO FIND HIM.

"THEY say that stolen kisses are the sweetest," he said, as they sat on the seat looking at the moon.

"Indeed?" she said.

"Yes. What do you think about it?"

"Oh, I have no opinion at all; but it seems to me, if I were a young man, I wouldn't be long in doubt as to whether they were or not."

## CALLED BY THE WRONG NAME.

IRISH stew is a dish never seen in Ireland.

Kid gloves are not kid, but made of lamb or sheep skin.

Blacklead does not contain a single particle of lead, but is composed of carbon and iron.

Whalebone is not bone at all, nor does it possess any properties of bone. It is a substance attached to the lower jaw of the whale, and seems to strain the water which the creature takes up in large mouthfuls.

Sealing wax is not wax at all, nor does it contain a single particle of wax. It is made of shellac, Venice turpentine, and cinnabar.

Brussels' sprouts are no more grown in Brussels than Spanish onions in Spain, and French beans in France.

The new serial starts on page 193. Turn to it now.

## Miss Dillon's Doubts.

By Herbert Jamieson.

Miss Dillon watched them from the drawing-room window. They had finished their set of tennis and were seated, cooling themselves, on the garden-seat.

His straw hat was tilted back, revealing iron-grey hair about the brows, and plain, rugged features, strongly marked by experience. Her hat had been thrown aside; the youthful, golden hair and pretty but characterless features stood out in strong contrast to his. The watcher sighed.

He was Miss Dillon's old and trusted friend, Roland Mathwaite; she was her niece, Enid Nevill. Mathwaite would never see thirty-eight again; the girl had only six months ago emerged from her teens. Marriages with that disparity in years and between such opposing temperaments are not always the happiest ones. So Miss Dillon sighed.

Next moment she corrected herself with a little pat for her foolishness, and feverishly resumed her knitting. As usual her imagination was running away with her.

Only a romantic old maid could possibly see anything lover-like in their relations. Roland was studying Enid as a man vividly interested in human nature—its shallows as well as its depths—studies some bright-winged butterfly that flits into his track.

It could never be supposed for an instant that one who had seen life and had hewn out of difficult circumstances a character standing four-square to all the winds of Heaven, would marry a girl, frivolous as a fairy, unstable as a weather-vane, without one of the high mental interests that engrossed him.

So Miss Dillon rated herself for her folly.

The next minute she looked up. The knitting-needles collapsed in her lap.

Without apparent cause the couple on the garden-seat had drawn much closer together. Roland had bored with the handle of his racquet quite a big hole in the turf—and a man only does that when he is either angry or about to make love.

Enid, too, had lost her careless attitude, and was studying with attention—far more diligent and persistent attention than she ever bestowed on any one thing—the excavation which he was unconsciously making. Unless they suspected the existence of hidden treasure—no, it was impossible.

Although there was little danger of her being seen from below, Miss Dillon drew the window-curtain rather more in front of her.

A few more stitches, but it was no good; Miss Dillon simply had to look again. And this time she sharply drew in her breath.

Roland had lost interest in the hole and, looking full at Enid, was earnestly addressing her. She glanced up at him, and then, apparently half-frightened by his earnest manner, looked away again. There was no shadow of a doubt now; Roland was proposing.

Had Miss Dillon followed her natural, untamed instinct, she would have tapped at the window, and thus interrupted these foolish proceedings.

As it was, she summoned all her will-power to make Enid give a flippant, evasive answer, which would allow Roland time and opportunity to recover from his fit of temporary madness.

But, alas, for the limits of the human will! Enid, looking as serious as she had ever looked in her life, replied something at which his face beamed, and his hand, wavering uncertainly in mid-air, landed on her knee.

With a cold shiver Miss Dillon sank back in her chair. The deed was done.

Ah, if she had not nipped in the bud Enid's late half-serious flirtation with that young man of parts, if not of brains, Roger Monro! It was a vain regret.

When Miss Dillon ventured to look out of the window again, Roland had disappeared. Enid had dropped her tennis racquet on the grass, and was sitting back with upturned face and a far-away look in her eyes, succeeded by a smile of great contentment. At the same instant Roland's step was heard crossing the hall.

Miss Dillon went hot and cold by turns. Down fell the knitting on to her lap; another moment would have involved it in a hopeless muddle.

He was coming in to break the news and seek her congratulations. She just be more than coldly polite. She would require to express keen pleasure at the outcome of events and cordially wish them the happiest of futures together. And Miss Dillon prided herself on her prevailing sincerity of speech!

He was inside the room, coughing nervously, as a man does weighted with intelligence of such great and personal moment.

"Ah, Sophy, busy as usual?"

For a pretence Miss Dillon picked up her work.

"Yes, Roland." They had called one another by their Christian names for many years.

"I was wondering if you wouldn't care to come out into the garden for a little. Enid and I are enjoying the sunshine."

He could not deceive her by his assumption of ease and light-hearted superficiality. She read the dire confession trembling on his lips.

"I was thinking of having a doze here. I might only be in the way in the garden."

He looked puzzled.

"In the way?"

"Yes; I saw you in very deep conversation with Enid."

Why she was helping him out she hardly knew. He did not deserve, and was not to receive, the smallest assistance in disclosing his news. But Miss Dillon was too feverishly anxious to be assured of the very worst to follow her intention.

He pulled a chair towards her and sat down. He was visibly less at ease now. He did not sit straight on the seat, but in an awkward attitude that would inevitably give him the cramp. Usually most self-possessed, he pulled awkwardly at his moustache and smoothed out an imaginary crease in his trousers.

"Sophy, we were talking deeply. It was about you."

She started in spite of herself. He was so appallingly abrupt.

"I think I know what you were saying, Roland. I sha'n't mind it—not in the least."

It was his turn to look surprised, but only for a moment. Next instant he was down on his knees beside her, with his arm—yes, actually his arm—around Miss Dillon's waist.

"Dear Sophy!"

"I shall be a bit lonely of course at first, but I shall get accustomed to it. And then I shall be happy in seeing you and Enid happy together."

He gazed at her thunderstruck. His arm slowly relaxed.

"You never supposed, Sophy——"

"Not just at first, but when I saw you both just now—oh, I shall get accustomed to it!"

She had meant not to reveal her inmost feelings, and here her agitation had brought about this clumsy repetition. She felt herself trembling beneath his gaze, more penetrative than ever now. If only he would go and leave her quietly to herself!

But Roland had no such intention. He crossed his legs like a man relieved in mind, and with a smile put his hand on Miss Dillon's.

"You've been torturing yourself with vain fears, Sophy. This won't separate us?"

Pride asserted itself in the lift of her head.

"Oh, but I shouldn't think of being with you two; then I should travel. Enid has another sister who could go with me. I've not visited Italy yet. Rome must be a wonderfully interesting place."

Bitterly she realised her poor histrionic abilities. Her pathetic, quavering little voice was carrying no conviction with it. How could she convince another when she was unconvinced herself? If only he would have mercy and leave her!

"Sophy! You've rather misunderstood what Enid and I were saying to one another."

She threw him a look which said "Impossible!"

"We were discussing you. I was asking Enid how she would feel if—oh, surely you can guess now!"

She returned blankly his eager gaze. In her agitation there did not dawn upon her the reason for his parted lips, outspoken eyes, irresistible surrender of his whole soul through his face.

"If I took you away from her, Sophy?"

"From her? How? Why?"

Perhaps Miss Dillon's deseness was all for the best, since it caused him to abandon restraint.

"To be my wife. A slowly growing love is usually the best; mine has been that. I know your feelings. When you said just now—and repeated—that you would get accustomed to seeing Enid and myself together—oh, it was as though you were ringing your own death-knell."

She shivered and crept into his arms. Revulsion of feeling had arrested all power of speech. Presently she breathed:

"It was a shocking lie. But Enid, Roland? She didn't seem to mind?"

"Rather the reverse! It appears that in spite of all you did to prevent it, she has arranged matters with Roger Monro. I promised to make it all right with you."

The knowledge of possession was too much for Miss Dillon. She looked out at the radiant sunshine—ten thousand times more radiant now than five minutes before—which had brought summer to the world; then back into the face of her middle-aged yet boyish lover who had brought summer to her heart—and said with a sense of not wholly unselfish satisfaction:

"I'm so glad, Roland, it wasn't Enid. You really would not have been at all suited to one another."

## NO KEY REQUIRED.

A gentleman having playfully severed a lock of hair from the head of a young lady to whom he was attached, although he had made no formal declaration, received next day from her a letter urgently requesting the restoration of the stolen lock.

To this he replied as follows:—

"By one only recompense can I be led
With this beautiful ringlet to part;
If I have to restore you the lock of your head,
You must give me the key of your heart."

The lady immediately replied—

"Who forces locks cannot require a key,
Mamma is out to-day from 12 to 3."

Jepson: "How did your wife fancy your new suit?"

Harvey: "She disliked it so much that I had to tell her I got it at a bargain-sale."

Gamekeeper (to sportsman who has missed at every shot): "I say, sir, if them partridges was a yard or so longer, you'd make a fine bag!"

"Whatever are you children doing?"

"Oh, we've found Pa's false teeth, and we're trying to fit them to the baby, 'cos he hasn't got any."

"How did you happen to insure in that particular company?"

"I consulted the wishes of my wife."

"Of course; that's very praiseworthy. But—does she know anything about life insurance companies?"

"Yes. She investigated and found that this one always issues the prettiest calendars."

## FINGERS AS NOSES.

### Some of the Marvels of Skin Grafting.

There is a man in Philadelphia, United States, who has the strangest nose in creation. It is not really a nose at all, but the little finger of his left hand which has been amputated and secured to his face by the wonderful skin-grafting process.

This young man, named Oscar Leonard, had the misfortune to be born without the usual nasal organ. Suffering in secret until he had reached manhood, he at last persuaded the surgeons of the University Hospital, Philadelphia, to make him the best possible substitute.

Accordingly, one day he was put under chloroform, the nail and part of the skin of the fourth finger of his left hand removed, and the hand fastened to Mr. Leonard's face at the spot where the nose should have been by means of a plaster mould.

For three weeks the young fellow held his hand to his face, never once removing it, asleep or awake. Then when it was seen that the circulation of the blood had taken place, and that the finger was really growing as a nose, the patient was again subjected to an anæsthetic, and the hand and the nose were separated.

A fortnight or so later Mr. Leonard was delighted with a Roman nose that was in no way remarkable from that of his more fortunate neighbours.

Little less wonderful was the operation performed on a boy whose nose had been torn off by a bite from a horse. The nose on this occasion, however, was constructed from a strip of flesh taken from the boy's arm.

With this strip an eminent French surgeon formed the lobule and other parts of the organ, and completed the operation by covering the flesh with skin taken from the brow.

A nine-year-old New York boy, Otto Trammer by name, has a large patch of dog's hair on the top of his head.

The little fellow was playing in the street when he was caught by an electric car, which dragged him along for fifty feet before being stopped. Picked up insensible, with an arm, a leg, a collar-bone broken, and several ribs fractured, it was also noticed that the child had lost his scalp.

The bones were soon set, and the scalp restored to its place, and secured, but then remained the difficulty of replacing the missing patch.

Eventually little Otto, who had become very attached to the hospital dog, startled the surgeon by asking if part of the dog's hair could not be applied to the bald patch.

The experiment proved completely successful, the dog's long, black, wavy hair blending nicely and growing admirably on the boy's head.

Pig skin was not long ago grafted on the arm of a negress, Mary Grant, of Richmond, Virginia, who had been terribly burnt in a lamp explosion.

It was necessary that a certain amount of skin should be grafted on the woman's arm to save her life, and as none of her relatives would consent to be operated upon, the surgeon, aided by a bright idea, sent for a pig two months old. This was chloroformed, and deprived of sufficient skin to cover the burnt part of the patient's body. The operation was entirely satisfactory.

Frogs' skin has been similarly used—also on the arm of a patient who had lost twenty-five square inches of skin through blood-poisoning. Four days after the operation the frogs' skin had taken hold, forming a red, healthy epidermis.

A much more extraordinary feat, of course, was that which restored the sight to a Mr. Strichell, of Clinton, Ohio. The creature used this time was a rabbit, whose eye now enables the mine-owner to read and to see everything just as well as if he had never lost his sight.

Mr. Strichell, who had lost his eye in a mine accident two years previously, had given up all hope of ever again being able to see, when Dr. Paul Walter determined to try a bold experiment.

Though the patient's right eye was entirely sightless, and the left eye had only sufficient power to detect a lighted candle placed before it, Dr. Walter was of opinion that a healthy rabbit's eye would provide a solution to the mystery.

Selecting a fine-looking rabbit, he took a piece of bunny's cornea (similar to the white part surrounding the iris and pupil of your eye), and with wonderful skill grafted it on the sightless eye of Mr. Strichell.

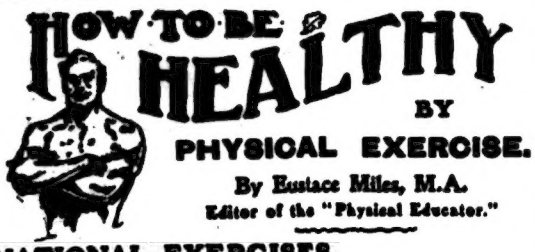
The grafting being successful, the patient was again able to see, and in a very short time, as his health improved, was with glasses enabled to see as well as ever he could.

Not long ago Mr. Henry Blase, a member of the Second Regiment, National Guard, of New Jersey, was severely burnt in a naphtha explosion; the regiment's colonel called a meeting of his men and asked for volunteers willing to provide a portion of the skin for their comrade.

With one accord the whole of the regiment stepped out of line, and eventually twenty-two of them were operated upon. The subsequent grafting on to the body of Mr. Blase was entirely successful.

The September RAPID REVIEW is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

POPULAR SERIES.




By Eustace Miles, M.A.
Editor of the "Physical Educator."

## NATIONAL EXERCISES.

### 10.—Skipping.

THIS week I give you the exercise of skipping, which you can begin without apparatus at all.

Just as you can do a grip-exercise without a grip-apparatus, a strain-exercise without an elastic exerciser, if you imagine resistance; just as you can swim in your room, imagining the resistance of water: so you can imagine the skipping-rope; and, if your room is small and over-furnished, it will be safer to do this.

Imagine yourself with a skipping-rope in hand, at least till you can skip well without one.

Stand ready to rise.

Close your lips, keep your chin in, your eyes looking well ahead straight in front of you, and the small of your back reasonably hollow.

Stand well-balanced, somewhat on the insides of the balls of your feet.

Let your feet face very nearly straight in front, only slightly outwards; have them bare if you can; it will be fine training for the toes, and will give you a better grip of the floor.

First, when you skip, make sure that the line of movement of your legs is fairly straight up and down, as in the Hundred-up exercise.

Begin jumping with both legs together.

Keep the arms scarcely bent, and begin by moving them up in front of you, round, and down behind you.

Jump just as you would if there were a rope.

Next jump with the two feet not quite together. Jump with one coming down on the floor soon after the other.

Then jump first with one leg, then with the other, almost as if you were hopping.

Probably your shoulders incline too much forwards, your back is too much rounded. So remedy that by skipping in this way.

Raise yourself on your toes.

Most people skip moving their arms, first up behind them, then down in front of them. This is natural, because it helps them when at the same time they are progressing forwards.

With this way of skipping that I advise to begin with, you tend to move backwards.

Now, moving the legs as before, hold your elbows closely to your sides, and do the work chiefly with your forearms and wrists.

Skipping is a valuable exercise for the foot, leg, and trunk muscles, and the appearance; for the general promptness and quickness, for the breathing, the liver, and the bowels, the excretion through the skin, and even for the digestion, if you skip not too violently, and not too soon after a meal. But be sure only to increase the severity and the number of times by very slow degrees; for skipping is a great task for many of the large muscles.

You should be able to go through the movements sometimes with the hands not gripped, but first stretched, then relaxed. This is a good antidote to the modern grip habit.

## HEALTH HINT FOR THE WEEK.

DRINK leisurely.

I have tried both ways. The other way of drinking and swilling as fast as I could I tried for over a quarter of a century. It is not a good plan.

The plan of sipping, and, when I am quite alone, of holding the liquid in my mouth, I find better in every way.

Skip backwards to cure round shoulders.

I grant that I lose the pleasure of a cool draught pouring beautifully down the throat; but, candidly, I get more pleasure from a little amount thoroughly enjoyed.

The man who can always drink leisurely, even when he has a huge glassful of nice tasting fluid, is a long way towards being master of himself and his passions.

By leisurely drinking you get more taste for your money.

You get more pleasure for your money, since the little goes a long way, and you need far less to drink.

Leisurely drinking makes most of your drinks harmless, or, at any rate, less harmful.

If you took a tumbler of neat brandy, and drank it down, you would probably suffer; but empty it into a large quantity of water and you dilute the brandy; it will probably do you much less harm.

Jump as if hopping.

Besides this weakening of the power of alcohol, the leisurely drinking will bring out the saliva, which will help to counteract any poison in the drink.

With habit the sense of taste acts as a sentinel, almost refusing to take what is harmful.

When we remember that the tongue is a kind of index to the stomach, and that what hurts the tongue will probably hurt the stomach, we see the point of this leisurely drinking.

If a thing hurts the tongue, we have little pleasure in holding it, little desire for holding it.

We can gulp it down, but we do not care to retain it in the mouth.

We so often forget that the stomach is weak in nerves of sensation. Parts of it can be cut out without pain. We cannot do that to the tongue. And we are apt to put into our stomachs what injures them considerably, and, merely because we do not and cannot feel pain all over it, we imagine we have done ourselves no harm.

Jump with both feet together.

Then we get a headache, or even asthma, or another mischief, and of course it is not the food, but overwork, that draught, nerves, or something else.

Just simply because we do not feel pain in the stomach, we imagine that nothing is wrong with the stomach; whereas, to repeat, for it is very important, what hurts the tongue when held in the mouth, will most probably hurt the stomach too.

The general habit of leisureliness must be increased. By leisurely drinking you must get a better habit of leisurely reading, of leisurely holiday-taking, of leisurely thought; most of us need it.

Leisurely drinking is a work of restraint.

As a Hindu sage has said, it is easy to let the horses go when you are driving; it is much harder to restrain them.

In our own case we restrain our horses, our swallowing horses, which want to go at motor-speed, by pulling against them with other horses; we may call the latter our chewing horses.

Next week I shall say something about leisurely eating, for if you eat and drink leisurely, you may soon get an instinct which will tell you clearly what is best for you to eat and drink.

Eustace Miles.

*The numbers containing the first nine exercises can be had from any newsagent for 9d., or they will be sent direct, post free, on receipt of 1s. 1d. by the Publisher, "Pearson's Weekly," Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Two more articles will appear.*

## BIG PRIZE FOR AN EXERCISE.

**One Hundred Guineas for someone who is interested in Physical Culture.**

WE have decided to offer the sum of One Hundred guineas to the reader of *Pearson's Weekly* who submits, before the closing date, what is considered by the Adjudicating Committee to be the best physical exercise.

In our endeavour to secure the best possible physical exercises, we invite all practical and theoretical people (including the thousands of well-known experts and hundreds of thousands of learners of both sexes) to contribute the best exercise they can. If you have found that some exercise of your own invention, with or without appliances, has benefited you, then send in particulars of it.

No exercise should take longer than one minute to perform. It may be a series of movements, but must not take longer than one minute for one performance. Regard should be had to the fact that it must be made *attractive* for individuals to practise alone.

Each attempt should be written out on a sheet of foolscap paper, and, if possible, rough diagrams made. Pasted on every attempt must be the coupon below, giving the contributor's name and address.

You may send in as many attempts as you like, but each attempt must be accompanied by a separate coupon.

The decision will be made by a Committee of Experts, representing (a) the medical profession, (b) expert teachers and exponents (both ladies and gentlemen) of the best of the present systems, (c) experts of games and athletics. The decision of this Committee must be accepted as final and conclusive by all competitors.

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## HAVE YOU LOST A GIANT?

**Queer Things Left in Railway Carriages and Elsewhere.**

IF you have lost a giant—a petrified Irishman, 12ft. 2in. in height, with a chest girth of 6½ft., and a weight of nearly three tons—you can obtain same by applying at the Worship Street goods depôt of the London and North-Western Railway Company. It has awaited a claimant since 1876, when it was left behind on the railway.

As a rule, however, each big railway company holds an annual sale of the unclaimed property left in carriages and trucks on their systems. And a more motley collection one has never set eyes on.

There are umbrellas and walking-sticks, and boots, and hats by the thousand. Every year each of the big lines disposes of from 2,000 to 3,500 umbrellas, carefully sorted, tied up in bundles of a dozen, and sold by auction at prices from 2s. upwards.

But far queerer things than these are forgotten by careless passengers. At King's Cross Station not long back, besides hundreds of other curious articles, twenty-five volumes of the "Encyclopædia Britannica," an artificial leg, a machine for generating "laughing gas," a cask of beer, and 120 babies' bibs were "knocked down" to purchasers at the annual auction sale.

On the South-Eastern and Chatham and Dover Railways, so huge is the collection of lost property, that the companies have opened at St. Paul's Station a joint office of no fewer than sixteen rooms for the classification and bestowal of the result of passengers' absent-mindedness.

Recently the catalogue of the periodical jumble sale announced that upwards of 3,000 umbrellas, 1,332 walking-sticks, twenty bicycles, twenty-four bottles of whisky, guns, swords, firewood, a Union Jack, a harmonium, and a bagatelle table were also up for disposal.

There were also six bags of golf sticks, eleven tennis racquets, twenty-four cricket bats, a pair of boxing gloves, six fishing rods, three guns, one billiard cue, three ice-axes, and four alpenstocks, the latter evidently forgotten by an Alpine climber.

Of gloves there were over a thousand pairs, and 970 odd ones, two rubber baths, a galvanic battery, a typewriter, and a lady's gold watch and chain. Besides, there were put up for auction 220 deserted pipes, a family Bible, a volume of Bunyan, a box of mustard, an American revolver, and sixteen pairs of corsets.

At a recent sale at the Kingsland Road depôt of the London and North-Western Railway Company another of these curious collections of articles was disposed of.

Besides seventy-two odd elastic stockings, some careless chemist had forgotten sixty-two boxes of seidlitz powders, while a dentist had left behind him his operating chair. Twenty-eight volumes of the PHARMACEUTICAL JOURNAL, were left in a carriage, and they remained at the Lost Property Office for a year unclaimed.

Ninety-nine pounds of Turkish delight, a grey pug-dog, a cask of chillies, an Italian bedstead, a bag of marbles, and a toy horse on wheels were also among the queer goods absent-minded persons had left behind them.

The police authorities at Scotland Yard have periodical sales of thousands of just as curious things which have been left in cabs, omnibuses, in the streets, and in other public places.

On an average, some 800 purses, many of them containing money, about 200 watches, and 300 pieces of jewellery are annually found, besides postal orders, cheques, share warrants, and similar articles.

Lost through the post, too, generally by carelessness, are many hundreds of curious articles. At a sale recently, 250 silk ties were sold for a sovereign, sixty-five new pairs of boots fetched 30s., while only 12s. was bid for twenty bottles of hair restorer and seventy bottles of drugs.

Nineteen alarm clocks realised 13s., nine bottles of port and whisky 25s., and 3,750 cigars, together with a quantity of books, were parted with for a mere song.

But the absent-mindedness of the general public was never more shown up than in a speech at a dinner recently where Mr. Austen Chamberlain was the principal guest.

Ten letters, said the late Postmaster-General, were posted daily containing money and valuables which had no address whatever. One thousand registered letters came every day to the Dead Letter Office because they were incorrectly or insufficiently addressed. These letters, for which the Post-Office had to find owners, contained from £600,000 to £700,000 in money, besides valuables of almost every kind.

In the course of a year, too, there were 25,000,000 postal packets of one kind or another which it was impossible to deliver, because of the incorrectness of the addresses they bore, or the absence of address altogether.

The new serial starts on page 193. Turn to it now.

# QUESTIONS WORTH ANSWERING

**Half-a-crown is paid for every Question used, and two guineas a column for Replies.**

## REPLIES.

### THE MINIATURE.

*Why is a Miniature so Called? (7164.)*

Miniature painting originated in the practice of illuminating manuscript books, when small pictures were introduced with the initial letters, or upon the borders. These initial letters were usually painted in red, Latin *minium*, hence these small pictures were termed *miniatura*.

After the invention of printing and engraving, this art entered upon a new phase. Copies in small, of celebrated pictures were made, and the demand was particularly great for portraits, and so the term miniature came to mean a very small portrait. One of the most famous miniature painters was Holbein, and Samuel Cooper, a Londoner, was also an expert. Milton sat to him, and it is said that Louis XIV. offered £150 for his picture of Oliver Cromwell.

Photography checked miniature painting for a time, but of late there has been a notable revival of the art. In 1903 there were no fewer than 245 exhibits in the Royal Academy. In olden time miniatures were often painted on vellum, or on copper, or silver plates. Now ivory is the medium commonly employed.

### PAPER IN PLACE OF GLASS.

*Where is Paper Used in Quantities for Glass? (7165.)*

In a small way oil paper is used for glass in many places, but only in Germany is this done on a large scale. The florists and market-gardeners in the district of Frankfort use what they call "fensterpappe" in great quantities for their greenhouses. The paper, a strong, tough manilla, costs wholesale about 19s. 10d. for a roll containing 1,220 square feet.

There is no difficulty or secret about its preparation or use. The paper is nailed to light wooden frames, and painted again and again with boiled linseed oil, until it is so saturated that the last coat forms a smooth, glistening surface like varnish. This renders it translucent, and water-proof.

It is found to admit sufficient light for growing plants, does not need shading in hot sunshine, lasts well, is not easily broken, and on the whole, is a hundred times cheaper than glass. It is, of course, useful rather than ornamental, and would not do as a substitute for glass in a private conservatory.

### A LAMB AND ITS DAM.

*How does a Ewe Recognise Her Own Lamb? (7166.)*

Although sheep can see and hear very well, it is undoubtedly by the sense of smell that the ewes recognise their own offspring. Sir Herbert Maxwell relates an interesting example of this odd fact, citing the case of a Cheviot lamb which had fallen into a river, and owing to the steepness of the bank could not climb out.

An angler, who was fishing in the stream, rescued the shivering animal, and it staggered away, bleating piteously for its dam. It found her without much difficulty, but the mother, sniffing disdainfully at the dripping little wretch, pushed it off, refusing to recognise it. The angler appealed to a shepherd who happened to pass that way for an explanation of the ewe's behaviour. "Oh," said he, "the bit beastie's been in the water, ye see, and the auld ewe canna smell it. She'll tak it back as soon as it's dry."

And so it turned out. The fleece was soon dried by the keen March wind, the natural odour returned, and the mother and child were reconciled and re-united at once.

### THE WEEPING WILLOW.

*How was the Weeping Willow Introduced into England? (7167.)*

The *Salix Babylonica*, or Willow of Babylon, our English weeping willow, is a native of the Levant, the coast of Persia, and other places in the East. The manner of its introduction into England is curious, and has been thus described:

Pope, the poet, having received a present of Turkey figs, observed that a twig of the basket in which they had been packed was putting out a young green shoot. This he planted in his garden, where it grew into a fine tree, and from this original stock all our weeping willows have descended.

This species of willow is generally planted by a still pool, to which it is an appropriate ornament; and when, in misty weather, drops of water are seen distilling from the extremities of its branches, nothing could be more descriptive than the title it has obtained of the "weeping willow."

It is sometimes called *Pope's Willow*, and the name *Napoleon's Willow* has also been given to it, because a tree of this species overshadowed the Emperor's tomb at St. Helena.

### ANCIENT STENOGRAPHY.

*Was Shorthand Known to the Ancients? (7168.)*

Shorthand was known to the ancients, though it is impossible to trace the system to its source.

Ennius, the Roman poet, is said to have improved upon an already existing system. He was a friend of Scipio, and was born B.C. 239. Seneca also made it a hobby.

Origen, the Greek Father and Mystic, who was born about 186, and was a voluminous writer, says, in the course of his commentary on St. John: "The absence of my shorthand writers prevents me from dictating my meditations." We are told, too, that he allowed shorthand writers to take down his extempore homilies.

In the tenth century Greek and Roman stenography gradually died out, and the art did not revive until the beginning of the seventeenth century. During this long interval, several systems of quick writing were evolved, such as that of Dr. Timothy Bright in 1588, who had a separate sign for every word, and some of these almost rivalled shorthand in rapidity.

### CAIN-COLOURED HAIR.

*What is Abraham, Cain, or Judas-coloured Hair? (7169.)*

Yellow or red hair was anciently in England esteemed a deformity, and a red beard was especially odious, and an infallible token of an evil disposition. This foolish prejudice possibly originated in an aversion to the red-haired Danish invaders.

The common tapestry representations of Cain and Judas, to whom red hair and beards were invariably allotted, probably for no better reason than that the colour was thought ugly, intensified this feeling. The Devil himself was sometimes thus represented.

Dryden, in a fit of spleen, described his publisher, Jacob Tonson, "with two left legs, and Judas-coloured hair"; and in the same attack he speaks of him as "freckled-fair," where red is evidently meant.

Shakespeare's reference in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* to "Cain-coloured" hair is in later copies "cane-coloured," just as his "Abraham-coloured" in the folio *Coriolanus* becomes "auburn," from which, indeed, it was doubtless corrupted. Hall's *Satires* speak of

A goodly, long, thick, Abraham-coloured beard.

## A Thousand Curious Things Worth Knowing.

This is a carefully indexed selection of the most interesting and instructive information from the Replies which have appeared on this page. A valuable book of reference—containing 432 pages. At all railway bookstalls and booksellers for 1s., or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

### STRONG EGGS.

*Why Cannot an Egg be Crushed Lengthwise Between the Palms? (7170.)*

If the fingers of the two hands are interlocked, and an egg taken lengthwise between the palms, it will be found impossible to crush it with the greatest force that can be exerted. If, however, the pressure is applied along the short axis of the egg, it can be crushed with ease.

This is directly due to the characteristic shape of the egg, which is known as a prolate spheroid. It is clear that when pressure is exerted on the two ends, the tendency is to bring them together, and cause the spheroid to become a perfect sphere. But the sphere so produced would contain a larger volume than the original spheroid. Hence, when the egg is compressed lengthwise, there is a tendency to increase its holding capacity, and, as the shell is air-tight, to produce a vacuum in its interior.

Thus the whole weight of the atmosphere—some 15lb. to the square inch—comes into play to prevent the change of shape, and supports the egg against any attempt to crush it. Along the short axis, however, the egg can easily be crushed, as the tendency is here to diminish its capacity, and the atmospheric pressure does not come into play.

### JAM AT HOME.

*When was Jam First Made in Village Homes? (7171.)*

In Galt's *Annals of the Parish*, the Rev. Micah Balwhidder quaintly chronicles the events of his district in Scotland about the year 1760. In the course of these records he says:

"I should not, in my notations, forget to mark a new luxury that got among the commonalty at this time. By the opening of new roads, and by our young men sailing to the West Indies, heaps of sugar were brought home, while many among the cabbages in their yards had planted groset and berry bushes; which two things happening together, the fashion to make jam and jelly, which hitherto had been only known in the kitchens of the gentry, came to be introduced into the village.

"All this, however, was not without a plausible pretext, for it was found that jelly was an excellent medicine for a sore throat, and jam a remedy as good as London candy for a cough, or a cold, or a shortness of breath. In the berry time there was no end to the borrowing of her brass pan, which occasioned a great fasherie to Mrs. Balwhidder."

### WASHING TALLIES.

*What was a Washing Tally? (7172.)*

The washing tally, dating back to the times of Charles I., was formed of a piece of beech wood, 5½in. long, 4½in. wide, and ½in. thick, and covered with linen at the back and sides. In front the names of the different articles, such as "ruffes," "bandes," "cuffes," "bootehose," "pillowberes," "handkercher," "sockes," were printed from copper-plate, and protected by a sheet of horn.

The tally was divided into fifteen squares, in each of which was a dial numbered from 0 to 12, and a circular brass indicator, fastened by a small central pin, so as to revolve. Each of these indicators was pierced near its outer edge with a round hole, through which one number of the dial was visible. By this very simple method the number of each article sent to the wash was easily shown, so that an accurate account could be kept. Some years ago one of these tallies was found at Haddon Hall.

### QUESTIONS.

7221. Why does water expand both at freezing and at boiling point?
7222. Whence comes the phrase "a kettle of fish"?
7223. What was the origin of brandy?
7224. Was the lady's portion ever included in a marriage notice?
7225. Which sovereign is called "His Apostolic Majesty"?
7226. What is the strength of bone?
7227. Why does wood warp?
7228. What is the world's healthiest spot?
7229. When were parishes first constituted?
7230. Is war a great civiliser?

### CONDITIONS.

We shall be glad to receive from our readers replies to any of the questions asked here. Each reply must bear the writer's name and address. We shall print a selection of replies to each question, and shall pay at the rate of £2 2s. a column for all matter printed. The same reader may send replies to any number of queries, whether his own or not. Envelopes should be marked "Replies" in the top left-hand corner, and answers to the questions in any issue of the paper must reach us by first post on the Monday of the week following that for which the paper is dated. Payment will only be made for replies published. Authorities on which replies are based must be given where possible. Half-a-crown will be paid on publication for every question received which is considered worthy of insertion.

TEACHER: "How old are you, little boy?"
Sonny (who has just gone into fractions): "I'm six and five-twelfths."

"GEORGIE, did you know that I was going to marry your sister?"
"Well, I heard her say so, but she's had that idea about so many other fellers that I didn't feel sure about it till you told me."

"IF you'll always give me full swing," observed the pendulum, "you will never have any trouble with your hands."
"I don't know," replied the clock. "If it wasn't for your going to and fro in my works, I shouldn't have any strikes!"

POET: "I can make no mistake in saying her cheeks are like the rose."
Friend: "But you have never met her."
Poet: "That matters not. If she is rosy, there are red roses; if she is pale, there are white roses; and if she is sallow, there are yellow roses."

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# People who Like Being Arrested

**To be Cast Into Gaol is the One Ambition of Many Moors.**

**When the London "Bookie" Welcomes the Advent o a Detective.**

**How "Tommy" Works His Ticket.**

In spite of the horror of Moorish prisons, it is nevertheless a fact that there exists, in Tangiers and elsewhere in Morocco, quite a considerable number of people whose one aim and object it is to compass some means of getting shut up in one or the other of them.

These would-be gaol-birds are Moors who were once subjects of the Sultan, but who have become naturalised citizens of other countries—America, Italy, Britain, or France for the most part.

The Governments of all these Great Powers have long ago notified Mulai Aziz, as they also did aforetime his father, Mulai Hassan, that until the Moorish prison system is radically reformed they will not permit their subjects to be confined in Moorish gaols.

Consequently, when one does by accident get shut up therein, the local consul is certain to "come down" on the unhappy Sultan for substantial damages.

Of this the "victim" is well aware. And he knows, too, that prompt and full payment will be made him.

Many a swarthy and wealthy shopkeeper in Malaga and Marseilles owes his first start in business to a brief spell of self-sought seclusion in a prison on the other side of the Straits of Gibraltar.

**PROFITABLE IMPRISONMENT.**

Much the same state of affairs, too, prevailed in Cuba prior to the late war.

It was estimated in 1896 that there were no fewer than 20,000 native-born Cubans then actually resident in the island who had, at some period of their lives, become naturalised citizens of the United States.

Many of these could speak no word of any language save Spanish, and had not been near their adopted country for twenty-five or thirty years.

Nevertheless, if imprisoned, each and everyone of them was entitled to and received the active intervention of the American Consul-General in Havana; and if it were proved that an arrest was illegal—and most arrests during that stormy period were more or less illegal—money compensation was promptly demanded, and had perforce to be paid.

The result was that there sprang up a considerable class of persons who did quite a brisk and lucrative business in getting themselves arrested, each succeeding incident of the kind increasing, of course, the hostility of the Spanish authorities towards those of the United States.

**HOW "TOMMY" WORKS HIS TICKET.**

"Working" one's "ticket" used to be a very difficult job in the British Army. It is now quite easy, and hundreds of discontented Tommies resort to it every year in order to escape further military service.

By working one's ticket is meant, it may be explained, getting one's self purposely convicted by "civil power" of some crime or misdemeanour. The Army authorities will then, as a general rule, decline to receive the offender back into his corps. Instead, he is discharged as an "incorrigible," and returns forthwith to his home and friends a free man.

To get arrested with this end in view Tommy usually resorts to either one of two dodges.

He strolls into a jeweller's shop and meanders off with a watch, or other article of value, taking care to select a time when the policeman on the beat is near.

Or, alternatively, he "slogs a copper"—*i.e.*, commits an unprovoked assault on some unoffending man in blue.

**SAFE, IF ARRESTED.**

In either case the result is the same. The offence, not being a military one, cannot be dealt with by the Army authorities. The regiment is consequently, owing to the subsequent police-court proceedings, "shown up," and the offender is not received back into it any more.

Their own personal safety has frequently prompted men to seek arrest at all hazards. Detective Carstairs, in his memoirs, relates how a certain bettingman on a racecourse once offered him £50 to take him into custody there and then.

His request was refused. "And," remarks Mr. Carstairs, "I was sorry afterwards, for the man, a welsher of course, was so badly mauled by the infuriated crowd of losers which assembled soon afterwards, that he died in hospital two days later.

There are tramps that go to gaol each winter, as regularly as the ordinary citizen seeks the seaside in summer.

They court arrest for the warmth and comparative comfort prison affords them, and to get thoroughly clean after six months or so "sleeping rough."

Female tramps used, at one time, to resort to Cambridge. There exists a special species of prison there, known as the Spinning House, wherein they were confined by order of the Chancellor of the University, and where they were wont to receive much better treatment and diet than in the ordinary gaol.

But some few years back one of them, becoming suddenly dissatisfied with her, comparatively speaking, luxurious quarters, made her escape by the simple process of walking out of the front door.

She was promptly recaptured, and reconfined; but the affair "got into the newspapers," and so much fuss was made about it, that the queer old mediæval usage which decreed such unusual power to a mere university official was abolished.

Criminals, when they have reason to believe that the police are after them for some really grave crime, frequently court arrest—of course, under assumed names—in order that they may lie hidden safely away in gaol while detectives are watching their usual haunts.

Orrock, the burglar who shot Police-constable Cole at Dalstoff, in 1882, adopted the ruse, although with indifferent success. But Carter, the man wanted for the Pimlico murder, is now known to have baffled by this means the entire detective force of the United Kingdom, and to have escaped eventually out of the country, leaving neither track nor trace behind him.

Perhaps, however, the man who best likes being arrested is the street bookmaker when things go against him.

For under such circumstances it is an understood thing that all bets for the day are "off."

It is, therefore, easy to understand how "Mr. Bookie," whose calculations have been entirely upset by the unexpected winning during the late afternoon of some heavily-backed outsider, welcomes the advent of the prowling detective in the early evening.

All he can be fined next morning is, he well knows, a five pound note.

And he is thereby automatically released from obligations that may amount to ten or twenty times that sum.

## DISILLUSION.

It was a chance so tempting. True,
'Twas wrong to take advantage; yet,
She looked so sweet. What could I do?
I kissed her on the lips—my pet.

I begged her pardon for the kiss,
And told her that I meant no wrong;
That for a moment more of bliss
I'd risk my life, however long.

She smiled—forgave me—I was blest;
I sinned again—could not resist.
Said she: "Your moustache feels the best
Of any man's I ever kissed."

MRS. MALAPROP (to wife of busy City man): "So glad you are coming to us on Thursday. I need hardly say how pleased we shall be to see your husband also, if it is only to fetch you away!"

"JAMES, when I asked you if Mr. Markley was in the club, you said you hadn't seen him. I just found him in the billiard-room, and he says you saw him come in."

Flunky: "Ho, yes, sir; but 'e told me 'e was not 'isself to-day."

## WHY THE BABY DIDN'T WAKE.

"DID the alarm of fire last night wake your baby?" asked one Brixtonite.

"No," answered the other.

"That's strange. Ours began howling and kept it up for an hour. Wonder why yours didn't wake up."

"Huh! He wasn't asleep."

## AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

"WHAT is that ma said to you when you came in?" whispered young Bobby to Featherly, one of the invited.

"Oh, simply that she was delighted to see me; that was all, Bobby."

"I'm glad of it," said Bobby, and a look of genuine relief came over his face, "'cause she said this morning she hoped you wouldn't come."

THE teacher had been giving a class of youngsters some ideas of adages, and how to make them; and to test her training she put a few questions.

"Birds of a feather—do what?"

"Lay eggs," piped a small boy before anybody else had a chance to speak.

"Do you think Miss Wealthy cares anything for you?"

"Well, I think she's beginning to care a little."

"What makes you think that?"

"Why, the last time I called she only yawned twice, and two weeks ago I counted five yawns in one evening."

# LOVERS DISPLEASED BY SACRIFICES.

**When Self-denial has made Sweethearts Fall Out with Each Other.**

To be prepared to make sacrifices for the sake of a sweetheart is one of the signs of true love. In fact and in fiction it is the test of affection most frequent and most sure. But it is by no means an infallible test; nor is proof of the possession of a spirit of self-abnegation invariably a passport to matrimonial bliss.

Unselfishness on the part of a lover is most laudable, but it does not always meet with its due reward. By some sweethearts it is regarded as a sign of weakness, and is consequently ignored or treated with good-humoured contempt.

There are many young marriageable people to whom the martyr-type of lover does not appeal at all. Some have quite a horror of that kind of partner. They seem to dread being placed under any considerable obligation of which it is possible they may be reminded in after life.

Pride and an independent spirit are, of course, responsible for this feeling which is often sufficiently strong to prevent the acceptance of sacrifices which would otherwise be gladly made.

When a sweetheart is observed to be unduly willing to sacrifice self-interests, not only to the beloved one, but also to almost any friend, relation or acquaintance, there may be grounds for thinking that such a one will not make an ideal partner in some respects.

Even the giving up of personal luxuries for the sake of the betrothed, or with the idea of saving up for matrimony is sometimes attended with risk.

A few months ago a Handsworth clerk relinquished the use of tobacco with the latter object. He was the more impelled to do so as he knew that his sweetheart had a secret dislike to the fragrant weed.

On noticing his abstinence from tobacco, and the consequent uneasiness which it seemed to cause him, she tackled him upon the subject. He at once confessed that his object was two-fold—partly to save money and partly to please her. She, however, was very much annoyed, and only consented to continue the engagement on his promise to resume the use of his greatly-missed luxury.

A Camberwell tradesman got into difficulties a year or two ago, and in his perplexity confided in his *fiancée*. That lady at once, to his surprise, offered to advance him a loan sufficient to relieve his temporary embarrassment.

The offer was gratefully accepted, but when the struggling trader found that she had, in order to help him, mortgaged her small property, he was quite offended, and the episode eventually proved the cause of their separation.

An engagement ring was the cause of unpleasantness between a young Cornish couple last summer. The ardent swain had been saving up for a considerable time with the idea of giving his sweetheart a really valuable ring. He did so, and the young lady was perfectly charmed with the gift when he presented her with it.

Later on, however, she managed to ascertain from him the price which he had paid for the ring. On learning its comparatively great cost she became extremely angry, declared her lover to be very wasteful and foolish, and finally declined to wear the token for fear of losing it.

This reception of his self-denial so exasperated the smitten one, that the quarrel which arose between the pair became too serious to heal, and he resumed possession of the gift. He is now waiting an opportunity to bestow it upon a lady who is more easily pleased.

The son of a grocer in a Midland town recently lost his sweetheart through self-sacrifice on his part.

For a couple of years or so he had been studying for the Civil Service in preference to keeping to the paternal trade. Failing, however, at his first examination, he was offered a partnership by his father, who wished to keep him in the business.

He would have at once declined the offer as he had no great liking for the trade, but having become engaged, he decided to accept his father's proposal and give up his cherished idea of entering the Civil Service, in order to be able to marry earlier.

His *fiancée*, however, though she seemed agreeable at first, showed her displeasure at his decision by jilting him shortly afterwards.

## NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS.

BEFORE submitting manuscripts to any paper, you should always study the contents of that paper, so that you may know what is likely to meet its requirements. It is no use sending humorous articles to a paper which publishes religious matter only—you would not expect to have your manuscripts accepted if you did so. Do not enter into anything without giving it careful consideration, and often an outsider's opinion is valuable in deciding a knotty point. If you send a specimen of your handwriting, together with six penny stamps and a stamped, addressed envelope to Ranee, 32 Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W. C., you will receive in return an accurate delineation of your character, from a careful study of which you will be able to discover how best to map out your life.

The new serial starts on page 193. Turn to it now.

# PICKED PARS

**Tea at 1½d. a Pound.**

Tea is very cheap in China; in one province of the Empire the best can be obtained at 1½d. a pound.

**No Digging on Sundays.**

Eastbourne Town Council have forbidden local allotment holders to dig in their gardens on Sundays.

**Cricketers' Sign of Grief.**

A broken bat was sent by his club comrades as a mark of their grief to the funeral of a Tunbridge Wells cricketer.

**War Souvenirs.**

A Japanese paper announces that the authorities of the Empire intend to issue pictorial postcards "as souvenirs of the war."

**Photographs as Prizes.**

The German Emperor has offered six large photographs of himself as prizes for industrious scholars in German elementary schools.

**Unprofitable Bet.**

A sporting man in Philadelphia won a bet of £5 by putting a billiard-ball in his mouth. He paid £10 to a surgeon to take it out.

**No "Treating" Allowed.**

In the model public-house which Bishop Potter, of New York, recently dedicated, it is a strict condition that each customer must pay for his own drink.

**Woman Company Promoter.**

A Californian woman physician, Dr. Frances Williams, has formed a company with £1,000,000 capital to develop a newly found coal deposit in the Coaldale district.

**"Voice Trespass."**

For talking loudly and disturbing a party of diners in a Chicago restaurant, two customers—a man and a woman—were recently fined £1. The judge termed it voice trespass.

**Sweetheart Mustn't Whistle.**

At the request of the girl's mother, the authorities at Savannah, Georgia, have issued an injunction restraining a young man from whistling or making signs to his sweetheart.

**Mustn't Make Cigarettes.**

On the charge of infringing the French Government tobacco monopoly by making imitation cigarettes and cigars from the husk of the cocoa bean, a Paris manufacturer has been summoned.

**Publishing Under Difficulties.**

The Novi Kraz, a Port Arthur newspaper, has made the following announcement: "We shall now only appear at irregular intervals, as our pressmen bolt whenever there is a bombardment."

**Shining Hour Improved.**

Paris genius had an unusual feast the other day. A confectioner's waggon came to grief, and mounds of pastry lay in the streets. While the driver lay stunned, the youngsters were not idle.

**Seven Lives for a Penny.**

A fourteen-year-old Hull youth has saved seven lives from drowning in five years. His only reward has been a penny, with which a benevolent man presented him when he performed a particularly gallant rescue.

**Football "Madness."**

The Lancashire holiday-makers are disturbing the Blackpool magistrates. They have been so badly bitten with the football craze that they play continuously in the streets, hindering the traffic, and breaking windows.

**Glamorgan Pride.**

The Glamorganshire policemen applied to have the dull buttons on their uniforms changed to bright ones, offering a levy of 6d. a man towards the cost of the change. Their request has been acceded to regarding the buttons, but the committee refused the sixpence.

**Slept on the Luggage Rack.**

Tired of sitting upright, a sailor travelling to Scotland one night recently climbed into the luggage rack and slept as comfortably as if he were in a hammock in his own vessel. Unfortunately, he caught his foot in the communication cord, and stopped the train. An indignant guard expelled him.

**Microbe Mania.**

After being trailed through London streets, a piece of cloth from a woman's skirt has been washed in distilled water by an advocate of "rational dress." One hundred and fifty drops of the water, microscopically examined, were found to contain more than 25,000 germs of such diseases as consumption, diphtheria, and typhoid fever.

**Lucky Bank Clerks.**

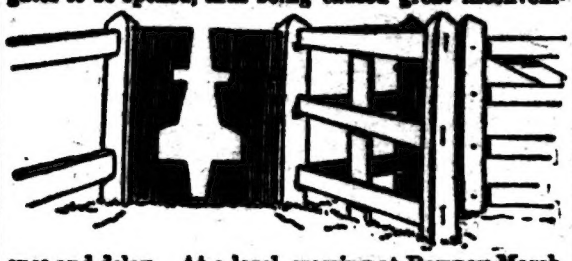
In one of the London banking offices an announcement was posted to the following effect the other day: "Gentlemen of the staff are reminded that they are under no obligation to wear silk hats or frock coats." At another office, where 100 clerks are employed, iced lemonade is during the hot weather served daily at eleven o'clock at the expense of the employers.

**Football Helps Detectives.**

Football as an aid to the detection of criminals is strongly believed in by the Sydney force. Gangs that can hide underground six days of the week in defiance of all other temptations voluntarily crawl out on Saturday afternoon when a big game is announced. They are watchful at the start, but, as a game quickens, they warm up and forget themselves, and call each other by their real names quite recklessly.

## CYCLE "STILE."

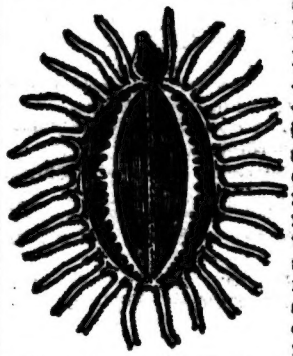
Though there are generally small gates for the use of foot passengers alongside the big gates of a railway level crossing, cyclists cannot cross the line without lifting their bicycles over these or waiting for the big gates to be opened, thus being caused great inconveni-



ence and delay. At a level crossing at Romney Marsh, in Kent, a special "stile" for cycles is erected—it is shown on the left of the sketch. The pedals of the bicycle must be set horizontally, and while the rider himself is going through the V-shaped gate on the right, he pushes his machine through the cycle "stile."

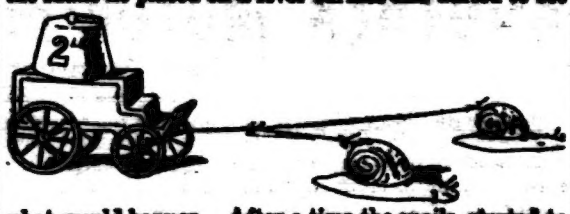
## VEGETABLE, NOT ANIMAL.

It is remarkable how little we really see of Nature. Not even the most expert eye can detect the wonders of animal and vegetable life which daily go on around us. It is only when we make use of the microscope that we gather some idea of what we miss through the imperfection of our own unaided vision. The queer object shown here is not a new species of insect. It is nothing more uncommon than an ordinary carrot seed, but it is many times magnified, and hence its strange appearance. Its chief characteristics are a number of sprouting tendrils covered with short spikes which give it the aspect of a many legged beetle.



## SNAILS PULL A CART.

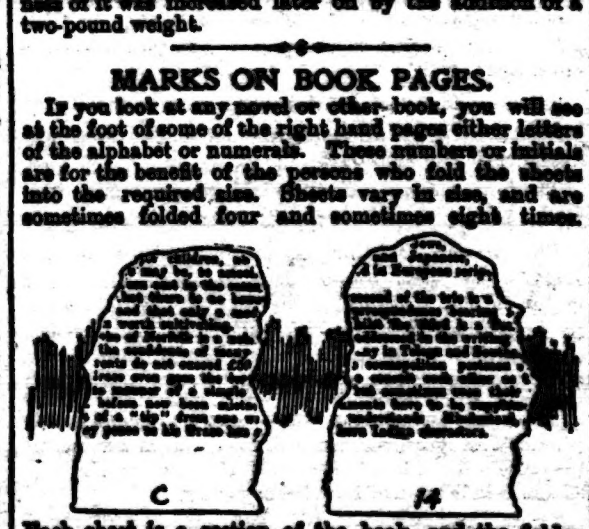
For the sake of amusement a little French boy caught two snails, to the back of each of which he glued a bent pin; then, when the glue was hardened he fastened to each pin a piece of thread, the ends of which he attached to a little tin cart on wheels. This cart and the snails he placed on a level surface and waited to see




what would happen. After a time the snails started to to move, stopping for a moment when the thread became taut; then they commenced to draw the cart, apparently without any effort, even though the heaviness of it was increased later on by the addition of a two-pound weight.

## MARKS ON BOOK PAGES.

If you look at any novel or other book, you will see at the foot of some of the right hand pages either letters of the alphabet or numerals. These numbers or initials are for the benefit of the persons who fold the sheets into the required size. Sheets vary in size, and are sometimes folded four and sometimes eight times.




Each sheet is a section of the book, and the folder takes section A, B, C, and so on, till the correct number of sheets is taken. The numbers and letters will be found on every fourth, eighth, or sixteenth pages of books, the numbers on the pages varying with the size of the book.

*A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original paragraph used in this column. Address your envelope to*
*"The Page Six Editor,"*
*Pearson's Weekly,*
*Henrietta Street, London, W.C.*

# WHAT IT COSTS TO BECOME AN AMBASSADOR.

**The Most Expensive Profession in the World.**

There is no profession or calling where money is such an absolute essential to success as that of diplomacy.

The post of Ambassador is the highest prize that diplomacy has to offer, to which position is attached a salary that varies from £5,500 per annum to £9,000 per annum, according to the capital to which the Ambassador may be sent.

For instance, the Ambassador at Madrid receives £5,500 per annum, which is the lowest salary paid to any Ambassador; whilst our representative at Paris is in receipt of £9,000 per annum, the best paid post in the diplomatic service.

Before, however, the diplomatist has worked his way up through the various grades of the profession to the supreme rank, he will have expended many thousands of pounds, and, viewed from a purely business standpoint, it is doubtful if the salary he will receive is an adequate return for the time, labour, and capital he has spent.

The diplomatist starts in his profession by becoming an attaché in the service of the Foreign Office.

He remains for three months in the Foreign Office in London, and is then sent for a couple of years to one of the chief Embassies in Europe, such as St. Petersburg, or Berlin.

During these two years, the attaché, who must be, by the way, between nineteen and twenty-five years of age, does not receive any pay. He is merely a probationer, and is supposed to be learning his profession, although he has had to pass a very severe examination, held by the Civil Service Commissioners, before becoming an attaché.

His living expenses for these two years will cost him, at least, at the rate of £800 a year, for the attaché occupies a position of much social dignity, which he has fittingly to maintain.

At the end of two years, the aspiring Ambassador becomes what is known as third secretary of the Legation or Embassy, and then receives a salary of £150 per annum.

Four years are spent in this grade of the service, during which period the secretary is, for living expenses alone, at least £650 every year out of pocket.

But in addition to this expenditure he must pay numerous subscriptions to clubs, both at home and abroad, and also subscribe to various public amusements going on in the capital where he is stationed, so that he will be spending at the rate of £800 per annum over and above his paltry salary of £150 during his four years as third secretary.

At the end of that period he gets further promotion to the grade of second secretary, at a salary of £400 per annum.

So far, he has spent £4,800, has put in six years of hard work, and has reached the age of, at least, twenty-five. This is supposing he has entered the diplomatic service at the lowest possible age of nineteen, but as a matter of fact, he is probably much nearer thirty than twenty-five when he gets into the second grade.

In this grade, under the most fortunate circumstances, he will have to remain for ten years, and will find himself during that lengthy period compelled to spend £400 a year more than he earns, amounting to a total outlay of £4,000.

As a rule, a man remains in the rank of second secretary for quite fifteen years, so that he may safely look to having to find at least £6,000 to balance his expenses during his services in that grade of diplomacy.

He has now invested a total capital of just about £11,000 in his profession, and has put in over twenty years' service, so that his next step of promotion as first secretary to a Legation, with a salary of £700 per annum, does not appear to be a very lucrative return for the time and money he has spent.

In this position he will have to remain for about another ten years, and if he is sent to an important Legation or Embassy, his salary will be probably raised to £800, or even £1,000 a year.

With great economy he may then manage to live on his pay, but in most cases his first five years as secretary of a Legation will cost him about £2,000 a year.

Finally he may be made an Ambassador when he is fifty-five, and will then be in fairly comfortable circumstances.

It must, however, be borne in mind that there are only eight Ambassadors in our diplomatic service, so that of necessity very few diplomatists can ever hope to reach that position, especially as from time to time men are made Ambassadors who are taken from outside the regular ranks of diplomacy to fill the important position.

The diplomatic service has, however, peculiar attractions. In it a man meets on an equality the most distinguished men and women of the day, and comes into direct contact with the wire-pullers of European politics, and feels that he is taking a part, if a small one, in events that make history.

The September RAPID REVIEW is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

# Are Clerks Workmen?

**Puzzles for Official Minds.**

**Magistrates Could Not Distinguish a Four-shilling Piece.**

**And the French President must Bow to Etiquette.**

CAN you tell a currant from a raisin?

You may smile, and point to the larger size of the raisin, and its seed, and to the fact that the currant is dark and seedless.

But what about the new species of Greek currant, which is larger, and contains seeds?

It was because of the importation of this species that our Customs officials were recently worrying themselves. And inasmuch as raisins are liable to a duty of 7s. per cwt., and currants only to 2s., it will be seen at once that the question was of importance.

Is dandelion stout a refreshment or a medicine?

The question has been recently raised by the Inland Revenue people in several parts of the country, and does not seem to have yet been satisfactorily settled.

The interesting point is that if such drinks as dandelion stout are really held to be refreshment, the refreshment house which sells them must put up its shutters at closing-time. If, however, they are a medicine, the vendor may keep his shop open all night if he likes.

### HOUSES THAT ARE NOT HOUSES.

When is a house not a house?

When it is on wheels, was in effect the contention of a Mr. Bateman's lawyer before the Farnham Bench recently.

Mr. Bateman had erected an iron house of five rooms for his gamekeeper and family. He was summoned for failing to give notice of his intention to erect a building on his property, but because the house stood on thirteen wheels, his counsel sought to show that the structure was of the same character as a caravan.

The magistrates, however, were unable to fall in with this view, and inflicted a fine.

The House Committee of the Halifax Board of Guardians were recently exercised in their minds as to which was the better—British or frozen beef. They caused 20lb. of each to be cooked at the workhouse, and afterwards had it served to them, no intimation being given as to which was British and which frozen.

While the committee were unable to detect any material difference in the quality of the meat, the cook reported that the net weight of the British beef after cooking was 17lb. 8oz., while the net weight of the frozen beef was only 16lb. 14oz., there being thus a difference in favour of the British beef of 10oz.

### IS A CLERK A WORKMAN?

What is a workman, or a workwoman?

This is an official bugbear which made its appearance years ago with workmen's trains, and apparently will live while workmen's trains last.

The latest dodge of some railway companies is to instruct their booking-clerks not to give change when workmen's tickets are asked for. A man who tenders silver for a 3d. ticket cannot be a genuine workman. So they argue.

The clerk earning 30s. a week is not a workman, but the mechanic earning £3 a week is. There is also a difference between the girl who makes jam in a factory and the girl who serves the jam in a restaurant. The latter is not a woman worker.

The fun of it is—it is rather pitiful fun—that magistrates all over the country are constantly upholding these distinctions.

The official mind can also be sorely puzzled in quite different directions.

Hearing, for instance, that the body of an infant had been washed ashore at Governor's Island, New York, an officer summoned a coroner's jury. At the inquest it was discovered that the body was that of a monkey.

### COULDN'T DISTINGUISH A COIN.

A four-shilling piece, again, furnished the magistrates at Ovoca Petty sessions with a difficulty recently.

It was tendered in payment as a five-shilling piece by a woman who stated that she had received it as such.

The chairman said that, having examined the coin, three members of the Bench were unable to distinguish it from a five-shilling piece.

The staff of the Lord Chamberlain's office have also been much puzzled of recent years.

The rule of the office is that no person who is in the retail trade can be admitted to Court or presented to the Sovereign. Yet in these days we have Countesses who sell fancy needlework, and Dukes' daughters who are milliners.

Matters, however, have been much simplified lately. It is now settled that you have only to call yourself by some such name as "Coralie" or "Henriette," and prevent your own name from appearing in the business, and you are admitted to Court—if you are invited.

Another nice point presented itself during the last visit of M. Loubet, the French President, to the Tsar of Russia.

Among the toys intended by M. Loubet for the Tsar's little daughters was one representing their Imperial father himself. The mannikin was jointed, and performed a salute, raising the hand to his *kepi*, and baring the head as he bowed.

Here, however, the Protocol—which regulates these things in Russia—stepped in with the objection that the toy was not only disrespectful and contrary to etiquette, but positively untrue to life, as the Tsar never removes his hat in salute, merely raising the hand to the height of the ear. The toy was accordingly suppressed.

From the point of view of the British publishers concerned, one of the most important questions any Goverment department has to deal with confronts the officials of the General Post Office from time to time.

If these gentlemen consider that a new publication contains a sufficient proportion of current "news" it is forthwith "registered as a newspaper" and goes through the post for ½d., whatever its weight; otherwise full postal rates must be paid.

The result is that a bulky trade paper, weighing several pounds, is frequently carried through the post for ½d., while popular papers like *P. W.*, weighing just over 2ozs., are mulcted in a postage of 1d.

### WHAT IS A "GENTLEMAN"?

There is still in existence in this country a law against profanity which magistrates, on the whole, are doubtless glad is not enforced. For while, under the Act, a soldier or a labourer forfeits 2s. for swearing, a "gentleman" has to pay 5s.

Probably our magistrates would get out of this difficulty of defining a gentleman as their brethren of the Bench in America do, where in some of the older States a similar statute is still in operation.

"You are certainly no gentleman," said the judge, in a recent case. "I fine you a dollar."

"Oh, ain't I, jedge?" retorted the defendant. "I'm gen'l'man enough for five dollars, anyhow, an' I guess that's what I'm goin' ter pay."

A young man of Eccles, in Lancashire, named Mee, was recently acquitted of a charge of stealing some oats.

"Thank you," he said, and left the dock.

Instead of being allowed to leave the Court, however, he was taken below by a warder, and locked up in a cell. He was made to wait there for a certain time, until another warder came with a note-book, and took down all sorts of particulars about his personal appearance.

Later on, at the Manchester Assizes, Mee sued the governor of Strangeways gaol, for damages for wrongful imprisonment, and was awarded a sum of £50.

## PLEASANT MEMORIES.

HE: "Do you remember the night I proposed to you?"

She: "Yes, dear."

He: "We sat for one hour and you never opened your mouth."

She: "Yes; I remember, dear."

He: "Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life."

"SMITHERS never lights one of his cigars. He just keeps it is his mouth and chews the end. I've often wondered why."

"You wouldn't if you had smoked one of them."

FRIEND: "You received a good many presents, didn't you?"

Bride: "Yes, and just think how nice—most of them are from married friends, and we won't have to give them any in return."

## NO USE TO HIM.

THERE is a maiden named Dorothy, who always found some good excuse for having her own way. Dorothy's father came to her one evening, and said:

"Look here, Dorothy, I don't like young Freshman coming here so much. Next time he makes you a visit just give him the cold shoulder."

"But, papa, he is a vegetarian," answered the unabashed Dorothy.

THE VICAR: "I suppose you have a large family to support, Mrs. Dempsey?"

Mrs. Dempsey: "I have, sir; and if they didn't all earn their own living I couldn't manage it."

ANGELA (to whom Edgar has been proposing): "Tell me, Edgar! Did you ever say anything like this to any woman before?"

Edgar (in a burst of honesty): "My dear girl, do you think it could be done like that the first time?"

## NOT A GOOD WORD.

"I NOTICE, Mr. Pipp," said the editor to his new reporter, "that in this account of a robbery you say the victim was relieved of £100."

"Yes, sir."

"Were you ever robbed?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. If you had, you would not write of the robbery as a relief."

# ANOTHER MOTOR-BICYCLE GIVEN AWAY!

## New Contest Starts To-day.

**A MOTOR-CYCLE WORTH £50 FOR THE WINNER & £15 15s. BICYCLES FOR THE WITNESSES.**

IN order to be in the running for a motor-bicycle all you have to do is to get the form printed below properly filled in, and keep it by you until we tell you to send it in. Another coupon will appear next week.

You will see by reference to the form that you are asked to fill in your name as one who wants a motor-bicycle, and you must ask four of your friends (not members of your household), who, at the present time, are not regular readers of *Pearson's Weekly*, to think of the best reasons they can why you should have a motor-bicycle.

These reasons they must express in not more than twenty words, must fill in on your form, and must add their names and addresses.

The four coupons may all be taken either from this week's issue or from both this and next week's issues.

The sender of what is in the opinion of the Editor the best set of four reasons will win a motor-bicycle, *and each of the four persons who signs the coupons which have entitled the winner to a motor-bicycle will be presented with a £15 15s. Humber bicycle.*

We do not wish to preclude our lady readers from entering this competition, and, therefore, should a lady win the first prize she can still have the motor-bicycle to present to one of her male friends, or she can choose a lady's safety bicycle for herself.

Any competitor can send as many sets of coupons as he pleases, but each set must be posted in a separate envelope. A form similar to the one printed herewith will appear in *Pearson's Weekly* next week, and you should at once go round amongst your friends who do not take *Pearson's Weekly*, and invite them to assist you in winning such a magnificent prize.

The Editor's decision is final and conclusive, and competitors may enter only on that understanding. The motor-bicycles are supplied by the famous firm of Humber and Co., which is a guarantee of their excellence.

### *NOTICE TO WITNESS.*

**If the Competitor who asks you to sign this Coupon wins a Motor-Bicycle, we will present you with a splendid Fifteen-Guinea Bicycle free of cost.**

(1. 22/9/04.)

*I,* .....

(Insert name and address of competitor) *of*.....

.....

*am anxious to possess a Motor-Bicycle, and I have therefore asked the person whose name and address appear on this form, to tell the Editor of PEARSON'S WEEKLY why he thinks I should win the prize.*

*I,* .....

(Insert name and address of witness) *of*.....

.....

*think Mr.* ..... *should have a Motor-Bicycle because:*

*and I hereby declare that I have not, up to the present, been a regular reader of PEARSON'S WEEKLY (but we hope you will be in future.—Ed. P.W.).*

**The new serial starts on page 193. Turn to it now.**

**Mr. P. Doubleyou Describes How he Fared on the Way to the Golden Horn.**

It sounded like some fresh honour in the dieting line, as I understood the Editor one sweltering morning last month. I had been debating the respective advantages of Margate and Clacton as places in which to spend my Long Vacation, when——

"Here, Doubleyou!" he said, "you haven't tried turkey yet. Better go to some cook's place, and ask for a few roots. Try and take in a bit of grease on the way, and——"

I mopped my fevered brow.

"Great Scott! In this weather, too, and after I've adopted Eustace Miles' diet! Really——"

He explained.

"Put capitals on most of the nouns, and alter the spelling a bit, and you'll see that I'm not going to stop your Eustace Miles' diet, but am going to encourage it by——

It dawned. What he had said was—

"I want you to try Turkey. Go to some Cook's place, and get a few routes; try and take in a bit of Greece on the way, and——"

I GO TO COOK'S.

Gee! I ran like wildfire to the nearest office of that national marvel. I needn't have hurried. Cook's men are a cool, impartial crowd. There was already in possession of the staff a lady who wanted the quickest and most direct route to Clacton-on-Sea, and an American who wanted the Alps.

When I got my whack in, a callous official said:

"Your business will take me at least two hours. There are over half a dozen routes to Constantinople. You had better return in that time."

When I went back, I found myself confronted with more geography and arithmetic than I have seen since I left the third form at school.

Great Abdul the Blessed, what an undertaking it was booking that ticket. I could go by the Orient Express overland through Europe, at a cost of about £25. I could take the train to Trieste, and travel by Austrian Lloyd steamer for about £16.

There was the overland route through Italy, *viâ* the Rhine and Switzerland, by boat from Brindisi to Constantinople—about £25. Italian boat from Nice, British boat from Sunderland, (eighteen days), or French boat from Marseilles (ten days). Which would I like?

THE BEST WAY TO TURKEY.

And scarcely had I begun to think it over than a friend came in, a great Orientalist, and all-round wisdom-merchant.

"There is only *one* way you should go to Turkey!" he began, "and I command you to take it. Go to Munich by train, stay there about four days—beautiful city, Munich!—then take the boat up the Danube to Vienna. Give Vienna a week—it's worth it—most charming city—then take another Danube steamer to Buda-Pesth where you can easily spend four days.

"Resume your journey up the river to Belgrade, where you must spend a day or two, and to Rustchuk. Then take the train to Varna, on the Black Sea, whence you will get a steamer to the Golden Horn. That is *the* route to Turkey. It is an education in itself, as you experience the sensation of gradually leaving the west for the east, of emerging from civilisation bit by bit into barbarism!"

When he finished, a large crowd had collected, and even the American began to doubt whether the Alps mattered much in face of a scheme like this. The lady still, of course, clamoured for Clacton, but the Cook's man had swooned.

I TAKE MY TICKET.

He had turned bluish by the time we had reached Buda-Pesth, but when my friend got on to Rustchuk, he fell heavily to the floor.

But I stood firm about it.

"This holiday of mine," I said, "is not a European exploration endeavour, and if I went your way, with the week here, and four days there, I should get no nearer barbarism than a Continental casual ward. When the Editor says Turkey, he means Turkey, and not the rest of Europe, and he pays accordingly. Selah."

In the final result, I found that the cheapest route would be *viâ* Marseilles, and the Messageries Maritimes steamer to Constantinople, *viâ* Patras and Syra, for which I paid £11 9s.

I had to get a passport. Filling up a form, I had to state my name, age, place of birth, and get the facts attested by a mayor, magistrate, Justice of the Peace, minister of religion, barrister-at-law, physician, surgeon, solicitor, or notary. In exchange for this, and the sum of 8s. 6d., I received the marvellous document which was reproduced last week.

I pitied the miserable dog of a Turk who should interfere with me when told he mustn't by a man who had six names, fourteen titles, four ranks, and three &c.'s! And if that mark on the right-hand corner, the *visa* of the Turkish Consul, didn't make them sit up, why, then, nothing would!

I didn't stop much in Paris. A little bit of supper at Maxim's; a glance at the show at Olympia and les Ambassadeurs, a run round the *cafés* on the Boulevards, a peep at one or two of the Montmartre cabarets—in fact, a general "buss round," and I entrained next evening at the Gare Lyons for Marseilles by the Rapide. [Note.—The probable cost of this "buss round" has been estimated by the Parisian Editor—who knows—and will be charged up to Mr. P. Doubleyou, as the only "buss round" he was subsidised for was in Turkey.—Editor.]

I flew down to Marseilles by night. The time-table reads like a wine-list, and I passed through places I have only hitherto known on bottle-labels—Beaune, Macon, St. Etienne! Fancy looking out of a window on a hot night and finding yourself to be driving sixty miles an hour through a drink.

France is a civilised nation. She never examines your ticket once between Paris and Marseilles. Will Germany—which examines once every ten miles on any line—please note this nasty dig?

When I got to the southern port a Cook's man came up and claimed me, body and soul. He implored me not to bother about anything until I went on the s.s. *Danube*. He took my ticket, my luggage, my everything, and I walked through the streets of Marseilles a free man.

I BOARD A FRENCH STEAMER.

He robbed me of but one thing—of my individuality. When I boarded the boat and took possession of my traps, an angry steward walked up, and said doubtfully:

"Monsieur has a passage on the boat?"

I asked him what the Blue Danube he supposed I was there for, with two portmanteaux, a hat-box, and a Kodak camera—fun or physical culture?

Then he did a step dance, whirled himself about, and waved his hands heatedly.

"Ah, Monsieur then has a *billet de Cook?*"

He yelled this right across the Golfe de Lyons, out into the blue Mediterranean. And ever afterwards I was "Monsieur du billet Cook"—and, on my word, I don't know that there's much the matter with the name of "Billy Cook" for travelling purposes in hot weather.

I spent three whole days on board that French boat before my first landing. I had to share a cabin with a Greek, I sat between him and a Roumanian at table, immediately opposite a Russian lady and a Turkish Jew. The Commissaire (purser) who presided, had to wrestle with French spoken in four distinct accents—and mine. As for myself, I acquired a pronunciation which has since become the wonder of the Levant.

I DON'T APPRECIATE MY MEALS.

To make myself understood, I had to curl up my accent, as it were, into four distinct shapes. I prattled pure Parisian (my Parisian) to the Commissaire, then I turned on a sort of Gaeco-Roman twist, and asked my Greek neighbour for the salt. I mildly told the Russian lady, in a studiedly British kind of French, that Britain would be neutral in the war as long as Russia kept her hands off our commerce, and then I got on a deep guttural sort of French, and asked the Turkish Jew how long we stopped at Salonika.

That trip on a French boat has taught me a lesson. Never again will I say one word about the failings of my landlady's breakfasts. The very thought of them was as balm to my soul then—for there we had no breakfasts.

We rose at about five in the morning and went on deck. If we were good, and the steward liked us, he would bring us a cup of coffee, from then until 10.30 no morsel would pass our lips. Then, we had *déjeuner*—a sort of vast, interminable luncheon, on Parisian lines, with a bottle of wine thrown in gratis.

From then no morsel of food until 6.30, when dinner transpired, after which, we were served nothing until 10.30 next morning.

In my next article I will tell you how I took a glance at the Greeks in their own homes, and peeped at an ancient farm.

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ETHEL: "I think I'd get married, too, if I could find a man I could live with."

Carrie: "That isn't so hard; the trouble is to get a man you can't live without."

---

HE: "He that courts and runs away will live to court another day."

She: "But he that courts and does not wed, may find himself in court instead."

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"WHAT a change this is," said the angry Mrs. Dressington, "from the days when you used to call me your 'pensive little darling'!"

"Yes, my dear," said her husband, glancing again at the dressmaker's bill; "but in those days the 'ex' was an unknown quantity!"

# STORIES OF THE STAGE.

**Funny Incidents that Happened at Theatres.**

A German actor of a very pessimistic turn of mind having had a bumper benefit at Covent Garden Theatre, was congratulated upon the circumstances by his fellow comedians. "I daresay it will be a bad one next year," was the joyful response.

WHEN the management revived *The Green Bushes*, at the Adelphi Theatre, some years ago, Madame Celeste, in the character of Miami, the Indian girl, had to shoot her English husband by whom she had been deserted, and after firing the pistol, a woman started up in the pit, and exclaimed in a loud voice, "Serve him right; it's just like my monster."

AT the old Olympic Theatre, now no more, in the autumn of 1874, when *The Two Orphans* was being acted, a young lady, sitting in the stalls, hurled her opera-glasses, with the exclamation, "You beast," at Mrs. Huntley (the mother of G. P. Huntley), who, as La Frouchard, was ill-treating Mr. Henry Neville, the cripple Pierre, in the garret scene.

MR. J. L. TOOLE, the famous comedian, on one occasion lent a rather unreliable man a sovereign, never expecting to see the money again. To his amazement the man turned up and paid the sovereign back with many thanks. Some weeks after the same individual requested the loan of five pounds.

"No! no!" said Mr. Toole. "You deceived me once. You won't get the chance of doing it again."

THAT eccentric manager of Drury Lane Theatre, Elliston, engaged an actor of whom he had heard good reports, to play in the revival of *Venice Preserved*. But unfortunately he did not come up to the mark, and when he reached the line:

Alas! where is my honour now?

Elliston exclaimed:

"I wish to Heaven your honour were back in Newcastle, where you came from."

DURING a performance of *Henry VIII.*, at the Lyceum Theatre, the actor who played Cromwell, in extolling the merits of Wolsey, delivered as usual the passage:

Ever witness for him
Those twins of learning that he raised in you,
Ipswich and Oxford—

when a cheery individual in the boxes cried out: "Hang me, if I knew that Cardinal Wolsey was married before!"

As an example of how easily the most acute persons may lose themselves to some extent in the mimic action of the stage, we may recall the story of an eminent special pleader who was witnessing a performance of *Macbeth*.

In the scene where the Thane of Cawdor, questioning the witches in the cavern, says, "What is't you do?" the answer is, "A deed without a name!" This phrase struck the ears of the pleader at once, and he cried out, excitedly, "A deed without a name? Why, 'tis void."

IT is related of Sir Henry Irving, that when he was ill and rehearsing understudies to play his parts, should he be unable to appear, that one actor was cast for Richelieu. At the end of the rehearsal, Sir Henry called the histrion to him and said:

"Why did you deliver that last speech in such a curious manner, and why did you go off the stage so spasmodically?"

"It's the way you do it, Sir Henry."

And all the great tragedian said was: "*Good Heavens!*"

THE Duchess of St. Albans used to relate an anecdote of herself when she was the unknown Miss Mellon.

"When I was a poor girl," she wrote, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during my holidays, where I was always well received. I was to perform in a new piece, one of those affecting little dramas, and in my character I represented a poor, friendless orphan girl, reduced to the utmost poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for a heavy debt, and insists upon putting her in prison unless someone will be bail for her. The girl replies:

"'Then, I have no hope, for I haven't a friend in the world.'

"'What, will no one be bail for you to save you from going to prison?' asked the stern creditor.

"'I have told you I have not a friend on earth,' was the reply; but just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery springing over the railings, let himself down from tier to tier, until he bounded clear over the orchestra and the footlights, and placed himself beside me in a moment.

"'Yes, you shall have at least one friend, my poor, young woman,' said he, with great earnestness. 'I'll go bail for you to any amount; and as for you,' turning to the frightened actor, 'if you don't shift your moorings, you lubber, it will be the worse for you.'

"The scene in the theatre was indescribable, and the sailor refused to budge, or to understand anything, until the manager persuaded him to relinquish his care of me by pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of theatrical bank notes."

The September RAPID REVIEW is now on sale. Sixpence everywhere.

STARTS TO-DAY. STARTS TO-DAY.

# THE MYSTERY OF A SILENT COURT.

*By the Author of "The Haunted House in Berkeley Square," "A Bitter Inheritance," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER ONE.

### The Shadow.

*The proverb holds that to be wise and love*
*Is hardly granted to the gods above.*—DRYDEN.

SHE stood at the window looking down the street.

Her pretty face and the upper part of her comely figure were surrounded with a frame of virginia creeper. Her eyes were filled with animation, her lips parted in a smile, as she looked down the street at someone who turned now and again, and waved his hand to her.

Sitwell Street was a comfortable thoroughfare in the light and comfortable suburb of Kensington. No. 20 was certainly a comfortable-looking house, and the room from which the girl looked was most daintily and comfortably furnished. But someone has remarked somewhere, and most truly, "that things are not always what they seem." As a matter of fact, there was very little comfort at No. 20 Sitwell Street, for No. 20 Sitwell Street was heavily in debt.

Now, debt and comfort never yet went together; with debt in the house, there is always a shadow on the threshold. It was very much so at No. 20 Sitwell Street. When Evelyn Silver turned away from the window—the street was empty now he had turned the corner—she sighed deeply, and shuddered at the luxury that surrounded her.

No wonder she sighed; she lived in a continual dread and expectancy of something awful going to happen. What shape this awful thing was going to take she could not say, but poverty and disgrace, she felt certain, were hastening towards her pretty home—that comfortably-furnished house in the pleasant suburb of Kensington.

She felt, too, that her father dreaded and expected this coming evil. Always a man of few words, he was now more silent than ever; he seemed weighed down by a terrible and settled gloom.

When he returned home from the City in the evening, he greeted his daughter—his only child—with the greatest affection, but hardly spoke, as he pecked, with little appetite, at his dinner. John Silver was certainly a very depressing individual of late, and this depression ate into Evelyn's heart.

On the other hand, there was a bright spot in Miss Silver's life, and that bright spot had a great deal to do with her looking out of the window that sunny afternoon; in other words, that bright spot was a man—a young man, a handsome young man, who was Evelyn's most devoted and abject slave.

He had just told her so, just told her that he loved her as truly as ever a man loved a woman, and begged her to be his wife. And she was happy about it. She was proud and happy in her love for him, for she believed him to be as good as he was good-looking.

And there was nothing to stand in the way of their happiness—nothing, at least, on his side—for Gerald Minton was well off, well connected, and well spoken about; nothing on her side either, except that shadow, that dread feeling of pending disaster.

So it was arranged between this "lover and his lass" that he should wait on Mr. Silver the following day and ask for his daughter's hand in marriage, while Evelyn was to break the news gently to her father that evening.

The girl sighed and smiled alternately, as she now thought of her lover and the happy future that might be in store for her, and now about her father with the burden of his debts upon his shoulders. And as she thus pondered, happy and unhappy in turn, Mr. Gerald Minton went on his way rejoicing. He was so light-hearted that he seemed to walk on air.

The world was as fair a world as anyone could wish for, and he was the most fortunate of men. He had everything on earth that made life worth living—health, the love of the woman he loved, money, and a clean conscience. There was nothing more left for him to wish for.

At that moment Mr. Minton turned the corner of Sitwell Street, and nearly ran into a man who was coming from an opposite direction. Mutual apologies, and the two proceeded on their ways.

The individual who had thus come face to face with Mr. Minton, and who was now walking up Sitwell Street in the direction of No. 20, was a short, thick-set man of about thirty.

He wore a bowler hat, a rough but respectable tweed suit, very thick boots, and had a large, broad face, perfectly clean shaven, out of which shone two small, bright eyes; on this broad expanse of face, there was also a small, upturned nose, and a mouth more remarkable for its great extent than for its beauty.

He went leisurely along, every now and again looking up at the houses on either side of the way until he was within a couple of doors of No. 20, then he stopped short, and, taking a paper from his pocket, glanced at it hurriedly, put it away again, and, without further ado, stepped briskly out, up the steps of No. 20, and knocked at the door.

The door was quickly opened by the maid, who was much surprised and no little alarmed at the stranger walking immediately into the hall and shutting the door behind him.

"You need not be frightened, my dear!" said the thick-set man, an enormous smile spreading itself across the great face. "Is Mr. Silver in?"

"No, he's not; and I should I go to know——"

"All in good time, my dear! The fact is, I've called for a little bill. A trifle of two hundred and one pounds eleven shillings, and, if that little bill is not paid, I'm afraid I must stop and collect it. Now, I didn't expect Mr. Silver to be in; perhaps Mrs. Silver is at home?"

"There is no Mrs. Silver; there is only a Miss Silver," replied the maid, who was beginning to understand how matters stood. "Will you see her?"

"By all means! Fetch her, my dear. I'll see her in the hall, although I shall have to go all over the house."

So saying, the thick-set man, who was, as the astute reader has already guessed, nothing else than a bailiff, sat himself down on a hall-chair, crossed his legs, and waited.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### The Shadow Deepens.

*Gold! Gold! in all ages the curse of mankind,*
*Thy fetters are forged for the soul and the mind.*
*To gain thee men barter eternity's crown,*
*Yield honour, affection, and lasting renown.*
—PARK BENJAMIN.

TOWARDS Kensington bowled a hansom cab; in the cab there sat a man with a very pale face. He was a man of fifty years of age or thereabouts. He was a handsome, well-dressed gentleman, but the most noticeable thing about him was the deathlike pallor of his skin. It was perfectly terrible, so much so, that, as the cab drove along, passers-by stopped and gazed at the occupant. Many thought him desperately ill—dying.

Nevertheless, when the cab stopped at No. 20 Sitwell Street, John Silver sprang to the pavement, paid his fare, and ran up the steps of his house like a man who certainly had very little the matter with him.

He opened the door with his latchkey, and stood in the hall. As he entered, the thick-set man rose from the chair on which he had been sitting, and at the same moment Evelyn came from the room where she had been awaiting her father's arrival.

"You need not explain," said Mr. Silver, with a desperate attempt to appear calm. "You need not say a word; I quite understand everything! Evelyn, my dear, I'm only sorry I did not get home earlier, so as to have saved you from this trouble and anxiety.

"Step this way, please!" continued the master of the house, addressing the bailiff, and at the same time leading the way to the study. "I presume you call on account of Messrs. Nupkins and Co.?"

"That's it, Mr. Silver," replied the man, "and the amount up to the moment, with all costs, is two hundred and one pounds eleven shillings."

They were all three in the study now, standing by a small table in the centre of the room.

"I will pay you at once, and you can go," said Silver, his efforts to be calm being more painful and marked every time he spoke.

His daughter stared at him in wonder, but said never a word.

"I can't take any cheques," said the thick-set man emphatically and also showing surprise. "only notes and gold and silver."

"I am quite aware of that," replied the other, at the same time producing a heavy pocket-book from the breast-pocket of his coat.

He counted out notes to the value of two hundred pounds and added to them gold and silver to the amount of one pound eleven shillings.

"There is the money," said Mr. Silver, pointing to the table. "Take it, and give me the receipt."

The thick-set man showed still more surprise; he also showed considerable suspicion of each note. He felt them again and again. He held them up to the light, and tested the paper with his tongue, showing not the least concern for the feelings of Mr. Silver and his daughter.

At last he pocketed the money with a grunt, and wrote out a receipt.

"Well, sir, I suppose that's all?" he spoke, a little more civilly, as he picked up his hat.

"I suppose so," answered Mr. Silver.

"Good-day, sir, and good-day, miss! I'm sorry to have troubled you."

The master of the house showed the man out himself, and shut the door after him.

"As sure as my name is Jabez Brown," said the thick-set man, who had lately been in possession, as he went slowly down the steps of No. 20, and slowly down Sitwell Street, "as sure as my name is Jabez Brown, there is something wrong in that house, and something wrong in connection with this money." Saying which he tapped his pocket.

If he had been able to look into the study at the moment, his suspicions would not have been allayed.

John Silver lay on the floor unconscious; beside him knelt his daughter, while around were scattered the notes that had fallen from his pocket-book. These notes, which represented a large sum of money, Evelyn gazed at with looks of the utmost horror.

She was anxious about her father, and busied herself to restore him, and was soon successful. But this money that had so suddenly come to them engrossed her thoughts.

How had it come? Her father, who told her most things, had never said that he expected any; on the contrary, that very morning he had confessed that the situation was a desperate one.

How had it come? Ideas that she tried to stifle would force themselves into her heart. Then she thought of her lover, who was coming in the morning to ask her hand in marriage of her father, and she felt faint and ill as she looked forward to the meeting.

At dinner, however, that evening, matters went very much as they usually did. John Silver sat opposite his daughter, and seemed, in fact, a little more lively than usual. Evelyn noticed that he helped himself rather freely to wine, which was an uncommon proceeding on his part; but, considering how ill he had been in the afternoon, it was nothing strange if he wanted an extra glass or so.

He was fairly cheerful, although it was easy enough to see that he was acting, and that this acting gave him the utmost pain.

"Evelyn, my dear, now that our luck has changed," he said at dessert, and when the parlourmaid had left them to themselves, "now that our luck has changed, you must have a change also—a real good change. You shall go abroad for a month or six weeks, at least."

"That will be lovely, papa, dear," said the girl, with her lips, but not with her heart; "but you haven't told me yet how this great change has come about, and I am always your confidante."

"Not in this case, my dear!" replied Silver, as he helped himself to another glass of wine. "I was too anxious, and I knew you would have been. It meant ruin or it meant salvation. Thank Heaven it has meant the latter. Why should you know more than that it was a simple speculation that has turned out trumps?"

He spoke in a hard, unnatural voice, and his hand shook as he spilt the wine upon the cloth. Evelyn could see, could feel, that her father was not speaking the truth, but it was not for her to press the matter further. She had to accept the statement as it stood.

On the other hand, he having mentioned the word "change," gave her an opportunity of mentioning the subject of her engagement to Gerald Minton, and that he was going to call in the morning.

"Papa, dear," she said gently, rising from her seat and taking a chair near her father, at the same time placing her hand upon his shoulder, "papa, dear, I have a secret to tell you."

The man winced at the touch of his daughter's hand; he turned white to the lips, and trembled. What was she going to say to him? What secret did she know?

"Papa, dear, you said something about a change a minute ago," continued Evelyn, making patterns with the spoons and forks. "You remember Mr. Gerald Minton——"

John Silver breathed a sigh of relief. The blood came back to his cheeks; he took his daughter's hand and patted it; he took her face in his hands, and, lifting it up, kissed her fondly.

"So it has come to this, my child," he said, smiling, though somewhat sadly, "and it's Mr. Gerald Minton. I know very little of him, but what I know is all to his credit. I should like to see him very much."

"He is coming to see you in the morning, papa."

"Dear me, I shall be glad. And, if my 'Yes!' will make you happy," answered her father cheerfully, "it shall be given, I promise you."

"Oh, indeed it will, papa!" said the girl earnestly. "He is good, and I love him, and there is nothing in the world against him."

"Nothing in the world against him!" repeated Silver, almost in a whisper. "Nothing in the world against him!

"Evelyn," he continued after a pause, "the business of this afternoon has upset me. I'm not myself. I—I'll go to bed. No, no—no doctors! I'm not so bad as that. I shall be better in the morning. Good-night! There, now, don't be anxious! Think of the morning, and be happy!"

He kissed the girl beside him, rose from his chair, and walked straight out of the room. Evelyn would have followed, but he forbade her.

Miss Silver went to her room early that night, but not to sleep. The weather was intensely hot, for it was midsummer. Going to her window, she looked out. There was not a breath of air to rustle the leaves of the virginia creeper. She turned her eyes to the sky, where the stars were shining brightly, except over her house. It seemed as if a great black pall hung in the heavens over that house.

"How the shadows seem to deepen!" she said to herself, as she turned once more to the cheerful light of her pretty bedroom.

As she did so, a man entered cautiously by the garden gate, and hid himself in the shadow of the wall of the small front garden.

## CHAPTER THREE.

### The Speculation that Turned Out Trumps.

*Trust me, no torture which the poets feign*
*Can match the fierce, th' unutterable pain*
*He feels, who, night and day devoid of rest,*
*Carries his own accuser in his breast.*—JUVENAL.

JOHN SILVER went to bed, but not to rest. There was no rest for him, no rest for such as he. There never will be—the guilty conscience knows no rest!

No sooner was he in bed than he jumped up again, lit the gas, and hurriedly dressed. Why, he could not have

The new serial story starts above. Commence reading it now.

told you. When dressed, he dropped into an easy chair and panted for breath. He groaned in his agony. Great beads stood out on his forehead, and his heart nearly beat itself still against his side.

"I must stop it—stop it!" he cried suddenly, springing to his feet. "No living soul can stand this agony! Death were a thousand times better!"

Then he tore his pocket-book from his pocket, seized and crumpled up the banknotes it contained, and threw them from him across the room.

"Curse the money!" he said to himself hoarsely. "Curse the want of money that brings a weak man to dishonour!"

He flung himself upon his bed, face downwards, to be up again in a minute pacing the room to and fro. Every turn he took he became more wild and excited, and his face, that had lately been so pale, was now crimson, while his eyes started from his head.

"I must end it! I must end it!" he whispered to himself, looking round cautiously. Then he suddenly darted across the room to a small cabinet, and with trembling hands pulled open a drawer.

A small revolver and some loose cartridges lay in the drawer among some other things.

Some other things! Such things!

A locket containing a lovely woman's portrait, the portrait of John Silver's late wife; another locket containing the likeness of a little girl—his little girl, Evelyn, as a child of five.

John Silver did not touch the revolver; he took a locket in each hand, and gazed from one to the other. And, as he gazed, a mist came before his eyes—a mist of tears! Then, falling on his knees, he folded his arms upon his breast, and, bowing his head, prayed to his Maker. John Silver's soul was saved. After which he rose from his knees, replaced the lockets in the drawer, and closed it. Then he went from his room and called his daughter. It was twelve o'clock, and she was still awake; in fact, she had not yet gone to bed.

"Evelyn, my dear, I want you to come to my room. I have something to say to you." He spoke perfectly calmly; there was no suspicion of pain in his voice.

She came to him at once, wrapped in a pale blue cashmere dressing-gown, and with her lovely hair falling far below her waist.

He sat in the easy chair, while she sat on the arm of the chair beside him, and, so sitting, looked down on his poor, tear-stained face. She dreaded what was coming, and almost knew what it was.

There was silence for some minutes, which was at last broken by John Silver speaking.

"Evelyn," he said gently, "do you know, dear, that it would have been better for me, and better for you, if I had died this morning?"

She put her arm round his neck and drew his head towards her, and waited for more.

"For that money you saw to-day," he continued quite calmly, "was not my money; there was no speculation that turned out trumps, as I said. That money was obtained by forgery, and your father is the forger!"

Evelyn turned cold from her head to her feet, and her very heart seemed to cease to beat; but, for all that, she drew the bowed head nearer to her, and pressed her cheek against his forehead.

"I said I wished I had died this morning," went on the unhappy father; "indeed, but a few minutes ago I was about to end this wretched life, but I thought of you, my dearest girl, and I think it better to face it all. I'm a poor, weak creature, but I must try to do better, for your sake!"

Evelyn ran the white fingers of her delicate hand through her father's hair, but still kept silent.

"My girl," continued Silver, "I was terribly tempted, and the opportunity came too easily. I forged Percival Ryder's name for three thousand pounds, out of which I paid that man this afternoon two hundred pounds; but I have the balance—I have the balance—and will make restitution! Evelyn, will you take him the money in the morning, tell him what I have done, tell him I will get the two hundred shortly and give it him all back? Get the forged cheque from him—mind you get that! Ryder is a hard man, but he will not be hard with you, dear! No one could be hard with you, Evelyn!"

"I will go, papa, the first thing in the morning," answered the girl, "and all will come right. I am sure all must come right!"

The first thing in the morning! And was not Gerald Minton coming to ask her father for her hand in marriage in the morning! She, the daughter of a forger! And supposing that Mr. Percival Ryder should be hard and vindictive, and refuse to listen to her, and take the case to the courts!

She felt faint at the thought, the room seemed to spin round, and she seemed to be sinking into darkness. By an effort, however, she pulled herself together. She rose from her seat on the arm of his chair, and, flinging herself on her knees before her father, clasped both his hands in hers.

"Oh, papa, dear, it is very terrible; but you have been ill of late," she cried. "You were not yourself when you did this thing. The continual worry has upset you. You, who have always been the soul of honour and have taught me to think of honour before all things, you could not have done this; and this is how Mr. Ryder will see it, I am sure!"

"I hope so—I pray so!" replied Mr. Silver. "Let me get the notes! I crumpled them up and flung them into that corner."

They went across the room together to find the notes, but, strange to say, they found them not. Fearful to say, they found them not! They hunted everywhere; every nook and corner dozens of times over. They searched till the grey dawn stole into the room; till the grey dawn turned to gold in the light of the summer sun, but their search was fruitless.

"There's a curse on it!" cried John Silver, in a high, cracked voice; and it was really fearful to see how he had aged in the last few hours. "There's a curse on it, for no one could have been into the room. I only left it for a few minutes when I went to call you. There's a curse on it, there must be!

"And how will you be able to face Percival Ryder?" continued the unhappy man. "If you tell him the truth, that we have lost the notes, he will laugh at you!"

"I will go, and I will tell him the truth!" answered Evelyn, as she went to the open window to breathe the fresh air of the morning. "And he will believe me!"

Now, as Evelyn stood, she noticed that which made her start with excitement. On the white cover of the dressing-table, which was close to the window, was a dusty print of a man's foot, and, in looking out of the window, she noticed that the virginia creeper had been torn in strips from the wall; also, that a rose tree in a bed immediately below the window was crushed and broken.

"Papa, dear," cried Evelyn, "the mystery is solved! We have been robbed! Oh, Fate has been very, very cruel to us!"

Her father came trembling to the window. It was too evident that someone had, by the aid of the water-pipe and the creeper, climbed up the side of the house and entered the room. The mysterious and the strange part of it was, who could have known that the notes were there to steal, for none knew yet of the forgery but Evelyn and her father.

That morning, at nine o'clock, Evelyn Silver went out to place her father's honour and her life's happiness at the mercy of Mr. Percival Ryder.

Mr. Percival Ryder was a man who never did anything for nothing. He always demanded his price.

## CHAPTER FOUR.

### How a Lover Found One Proverb True.

*Oh, what was love made for, if 'tis not the same*
*Through joy and through sorrow, through glory and shame?*
—T. Moore.

Pity those who have never loved, for they know not the joy of living!

When Gerald Minton woke up that morning the world had never seemed so fair. The sun had never shone so brightly, the sparrows on the house-tops had never twittered so blithely, and the very chimney-pots and miles of roofs looked beautiful.

He whistled himself out of bed at an early hour, hummed a lively air as he dressed himself in his best, and fairly burst into song as he ran downstairs to his breakfast.

He ate a good, hearty meal. He was no sighing, despondent lover, with a lack of appetite! Not he; he was a good trencherman, and pegged away at eggs and bacon, kidneys on toast, marmalade, and such-like trivialities with exceeding goodwill.

"Lucky beggar!" he said, as he rocked himself backwards and forwards in his chair when he had finished his repast. "Lucky beggar to be loved by such a girl—*such* a girl! I—I can hardly realise it. The old boy cannot possibly have any objections, and my sweet Evelyn said she would pave the way for my visit. How goes the time?"

"Only nine o'clock!" he continued, looking at his watch. "How the time drags! It would hardly be decent to be there before ten."

He jumped from the breakfast-table, and, going to the corner of the room where the piano stood, sat down and played the sweetest music, then the gayest and maddest of music.

"What a fool I am!" he cried suddenly, swinging round on the piano-stool. "Mr. Silver goes to business early. I ought to see him before he goes. I'm off!"

Another minute saw him walking rapidly along the street in the direction of Kensington.

His thoughts ran riot as he went along. He thought of engagement rings, of honeymoons, of the house they were going to take together, where it should be, in town or country, if they should keep a horse and trap or a motor-car; these and a hundred other things he thought about—always in connection with Evelyn Silver.

He arrived at No. 20 Sitwell Street at a quarter to ten. He was immediately shown into the drawing-room. As he entered the house, he experienced a peculiar sense of depression. He did not know why, but his gay humour vanished immediately, and heaviness settled in his heart. The atmosphere seemed heavy, and a strange silence pervaded the house.

"Miss Silver told me to tell you, sir," said the maid nervously, "that she had to go out suddenly on important business. She thought she would not be long, and hoped you would wait."

Wait—of course he would wait! He did not ask for Mr. Silver. He thought it better to see Evelyn first, particularly after the message.

He sat himself down on an uncomfortable gilt chair, and tried to read a fancifully-bound poetry book that he found on a table; but he didn't read a line. His unaccountable fit of depression deepened. Perhaps the weather had something to do with it; the bright sun had departed, dark clouds covered the sky, while not a breath of wind disturbed the leaves on the trees. The world without wore a very sullen face. There was evidently a storm brewing.

Of a sudden Gerald Minton started, as he became aware that he was not alone. In a corner of the room there was a looking-glass. In this glass he perceived the reflection of a man. The man himself was behind young Minton; he had evidently just opened the door of the room, and was standing irresolutely on the threshold.

Gerald stared hard at the reflection, until it dawned upon him that it was that of Mr. John Silver. He seemed to have grown years older since Gerald had seen him last, and that was only a week or so before. His hair, that had been nearly black, was now streaked with white; his face was an ashen-grey colour, with great welts under his blood-shot eyes, while he stooped at the shoulders like an old man.

Minton rose immediately, but, as he did so, Mr. Silver disappeared, closing the door after him; at the same moment there came a vivid flash of lightning and a terrific peal of thunder. The storm had come.

After going to the window and watching the downpour of rain for some minutes, the young man resumed his seat on the uncomfortable gilt chair, and once more took up the poetry book. No one had ever read that book, for the leaves were uncut.

Now, strange to say, no sooner had Gerald sat down than he saw in the glass the door behind him once more open, and Mr. Silver enter again. This time he came further into the room, and seemed about to speak, but, on his visitor rising to greet him, beat a hasty retreat as before.

"What can this strange behaviour mean?" cried Minton to himself. "Has some fearful catastrophe happened to the house, or is it that something terrible has befallen Evelyn, and they dread to tell me?"

At this fearful thought, he rang the bell without another moment's delay, and all the time the storm was raging without.

The maid answered the bell, but seemed ill at ease.

Oh, no; nothing had happened to her mistress, as far as she knew. She certainly looked very pale, and looked as if she had been crying all night. Yes, Mr. Silver was in—but—was very much engaged. No, she had no idea how long Miss Silver would be, but she said she would not be very long.

Of course, Gerald could not cross-examine the girl, so he had to be satisfied with these meagre answers, one of which he knew to be untrue, for Mr. Silver was certainly not engaged.

Once more the young man took his seat on the gilt chair and waited, his mind filled with the most gloomy forebodings. Eleven o'clock came, twelve o'clock struck; the storm passed and the sun came out, and the world without was once more fresh and beautiful; but no sun entered Gerald's heart, his melancholy increased until it became quite an acute sensation.

"Heavens," he cried, suddenly springing to his feet, "what can have happened that I should feel like this?"

At that moment a hansom cab stopped at the door, and the young man in an instant was out of the house, and down the steps helping Evelyn to alight.

"I am so thankful you have returned," he said, smiling, as he took her hand. "I was becoming quite concerned about you."

She did not answer in words, but pressed his hand slightly and hurried into the house.

Gerald noticed with considerable alarm how changed she was since he had seen her last—but yesterday. She was not in the least less beautiful, but there was an indescribable expression in her eyes that caused him the keenest apprehension.

Mr. Silver put in an appearance in the hall to meet his daughter; he seemed full of anxiety, and took no notice of young Minton; in fact, it is doubtful whether he was aware of his presence.

"Well, Evelyn, did you see Mr. Ryder?" asked her father in a voice quivering with emotion. "And is it all right?"

"I've seen Mr. Ryder, papa," answered Evelyn, "and it *will* be all right. That is sufficient for the moment, papa, dear. Rest assured that it will be all right. I now want to speak to Mr. Minton. It is my next duty to speak to you, Gerald. Will you come in here?"

She led the way into the drawing-room, leaving her father in the hall, where he had sat on one of the chairs and burst into tears.

"My dear girl! My dear Evelyn, what has happened to you?" exclaimed Gerald, as he took his love in his arms and embraced her tenderly.

She remained silent and still for some seconds, and then released herself.

"Gerald," she said, looking into his eyes, "you asked me yesterday if I could learn to love you; I replied that I loved you already. You told me that you loved me truly, and I believed you; you said that my slightest wish would be law to you. What I am going to say now will be most terrible to you, is most terrible to me; but it must be said. Gerald, we must say good-bye! Stay—one moment before you speak! By the love I have for you, I beg you from my heart, my dearest, to ask me no questions, to pray for no explanations. See how pained I am, and have pity on me!"

He staggered beneath the blow as if he had been struck, although he had half dreaded it. He pulled himself together by a great effort, and seized her by both hands.

"My darling," he said, "some men might say that an explanation was due to them. As you ask it, I will say nothing; as it pains you so, I will say nothing. My heart, my happiness—I might almost say my life—are in your hands, and I feel you know it. You would not have me bid you good-bye without good reason. Good-bye, my dearest, and God bless you!"

He took her in his arms again, and kissed her once on the lips and once on the forehead, and in another minute he had left the house.

No sooner had he gone, than Mr. Silver came into the drawing-room.

"Evelyn, dear!" he said in a somewhat irritable tone of voice. "Evelyn, dear, you—you saw Percival Ryder? *Is* it all right? Have you the cheque?"

"Papa, I told you it would be all right. But there are conditions. Mr. Ryder made conditions."

## CHAPTER FIVE.

### The Silent Court.

*Through the wide world, he only is alone.*
*Who lives not for another.*—Rogers.

The Silent Court was situated near one of the busiest streets in the world—namely, Cheapside, in the City of London. It was called the Silent Court by the people who lived in the neighbourhood, because it stood apart from the crowded thoroughfares; because few people trod its stone-flagged pavements, for the simple reason that the court led to nowhere, as it was a *cul-de-sac*.

The Silent Court, again, was almost sightless; that is to say, it was composed of bare walls. No windows looked or doors led, into this dismal, lonely place, except in one corner—the right-hand further corner from the entrance

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into the court. There had been wedged, so to speak, a thin, narrow house, two storeys high.

This narrow house was of dirty brick; the original colour it was impossible to imagine. It had two dirty windows, that looked on to the court, and four dirty steps, that led up to a dirty, green door. On the door was a bright brass plate, that looked all the brighter from its gloomy surroundings. On the brass plate were the words:

MR. PERCIVAL RYDER.

In one respect, the court was not silent. It was the proud possessor of an echo. Immediately anyone passed from the rear of the traffic through the brick archway on to the patch of pavement surrounded by its high walls, he was surprised at the sound of his footsteps. They rang like a bell, and echoed again and again—little bells or big bells, in accordance with light footfalls or heavy.

Mr. Percival Ryder knew most of these bell-like sounds; he could distinguish one visitor from another the instant the archway was passed, and prepared to receive him according to the nature of his business.

Mr. Percival Ryder not only had his office on the entrance floor, but he resided on the premises as well. On the first floor were his bed and sitting-rooms; in the basement, his kitchen. In the kitchen lived his—his—well, it is difficult to find a proper title for Caleb Rue—for he was clerk, office boy, housemaid, cook, and many other things all rolled into one.

Now, as to Mr. Ryder's business—what was he? That was just the question that everybody who took an interest in him asked. Some said he was a detective, others were sure he was a money-lender, some thought he was an author, while all agreed that he was a miser. Mr. Ryder himself gave out that he was an agent for a firm of Continental merchants, but, as no one believed him, he might have saved himself the trouble.

It was one morning on a midsummer's day that Mr. Percival Ryder sat at his desk in his office and looked through the open window into the Silent Court. He was a hard-featured man of about fifty-five, with black, beady eyes, a hawk-like nose, and a sensual mouth and chin. His hair was black and cut close to his head, and he wore no hair on his face. He was a tall man, squarely built, and slovenly dressed in rusty, black broadcloth.

Mr. Ryder sat at his desk tapping a piece of blank paper with his pencil, while every now and again a bright yellow canary flew down from its open cage and perched upon the desk with a "tweet!" and his head cocked on one side. Sometimes, even, the bird flew out of the window into the bare, brick court, to immediately return on his master whistling to him.

Mr. Ryder tapped harder on the piece of paper, and then looked at his watch.

"Nine o'clock, Trilby, and Caleb has not returned!" he said aloud to the bird, that was now on his desk.

"He's been a long time. Ah, there he is!"

As he spoke, the echo of footsteps was heard, and immediately a gaunt youth, with a sallow complexion and a lame leg, made his appearance in the court; as he did so, the canary flew out to meet him, circled round his head, and returned to his master's desk.

Caleb entered the office, stood on one leg, and, cap in hand, waited to be spoken to.

"You saw him?" asked Mr. Ryder.

"Yes; he was waiting for me on the step."

"Did he seem anxious?"

"Very! He snatched the envelope from my hand and tore it open, and then seemed much relieved. He gave me half-a-crown," and Caleb produced the coin from a pocket of his shabby trousers.

"More fool he!" replied Ryder shortly.

"I'm sorry that there are not more fools like him!" remarked Caleb, with some meaning in his voice.

"Get out of this!" was his master's reply.

So Caleb "got out" and retired to a cupboard at the back of the house, which he dignified by the name of office. Here he played lovingly with his half-crown until he was summoned by a knock at the street door.

Caleb limped along the narrow passage, opened the door, and then fell back in open-mouthed amazement. Evelyn Silver stood on the step, and it was her presence and her beauty that amazed the youth. Never before in his recollection had a woman stood in that doorway; and here was one, and such an one!

"Yes, Mr. Ryder is in," said Caleb in a stammering voice, and immediately showed Miss Silver into his master's office.

Mr. Ryder had seen her coming, and was standing to receive her, while the canary, perched on an inkstand, sang its loudest.

"My surprise is only surpassed by the pleasure I have in seeing you, Miss Silver. Pray be seated!" said Ryder politely, and shaking hands; then, turning to Caleb, who stood staring by the door, he remarked: "Go down to the kitchen, and stop there!"

And here let it be stated that Caleb did go down to the kitchen, but did *not* stop there; he immediately slipped off his patched and worn-out boots, crept up the stairs, and took it in turns, first to apply his ear to the keyhole of his master's door, and then his eyes, and so heard and saw much of absorbing interest.

"Miss Silver, I fear you are not well! You seem distressed!" said Ryder, bringing his bead-like eyes to bear on Evelyn's pale face. "Can I get you a glass of wine or something!"

The girl shook her head; for a moment she was unable to speak. The confession she was about to make—to confess her father to be a forger—struck her of a sudden as so appalling that she nearly became unconscious.

By a supreme effort, however, she recovered herself, and in a low voice told her wretched story from A to Z. As she spoke, the canary stopped singing and retreated into his cage, and at the same moment the storm broke without, and the rain came pattering into the court.

Mr. Ryder rose and shut the windows, then, reseating himself, listened to the girl's piteous tale without moving a muscle. He heard that he had been robbed of three thousand pounds without so much as quivering an eyelid; all through it showed neither surprise nor anger. He might have been carved in wood, so little did the expression of his features vary.

When Evelyn finished there was silence for at least two or three minutes, then Mr. Percival Ryder spoke in a cold, clear voice:

"I'm sorry for you, Miss Silver," he said. "I consider it a mean thing for your father to have done. I believe also that he is lying when he says that he has lost those notes, or that someone came in at the window and stole them. The story does not hold water. On the other hand, I'm not a man without mercy."

Evelyn's heart beat fast, and an inexpressible joy possessed her; at the same time, she did not interrupt.

"Miss Silver," continued Mr. Ryder, "I have known your father practically all my life, but we have never been much to one another—just acquaintances. As to you, this is the fourth time I have seen you. The first time, you were a little child. I thought you a very pretty little child. I saw you again when you were thirteen years of age; I thought you then extremely pretty.

"Last year, you may remember, I met you with your father; your beauty seemed to have increased. You will excuse me speaking so plainly! And to-day I see you seated before me—more beautiful in face, and more exquisite in figure. I say all this because I am leading up to something else. Dear me, how it rains and thunders!"

Mr. Ryder looked out of the window, and then at Evelyn. Their eyes met. There was that in his that made the girl turn cold from her head to her feet.

"I am not without mercy," went on Mr. Ryder, "and your father can go free; but I require a condition."

"What condition?" gasped Evelyn, as she half rose from her chair.

"I want you!" replied the man calmly. "Come, now, I'm a person of few words! I've been thinking of marrying lately, but, for the life of me, I've been unable to find the lady. I know none. Now you have fallen in here in quite an unexpected manner. Come, take a week to think it over, my dear! Your father is free on this condition only!"

"Mr. Ryder," said Evelyn, in a scarcely audible voice, "can you not be merciful without this condition! It was only yesterday I gave my love and promise to one who loves me."

"A bad look-out for him!" replied the man brutally. "You had better write and tell him so."

Poor Evelyn! Her woman's instinct told her it was useless to plead, but she pleaded all the same. She might just as well have spoken to the wooden statue before mentioned. Finally, she gave up in despair, and fainted, remaining unconscious for a considerable time. When she recovered the storm had cleared, and before much longer she was able to leave the little house in the Silent Court.

Mr. Ryder saw her out.

"Come and see me this day week, my dear. Your father will have nothing to fear *till then!*" he said, as he shut the door.

As Miss Silver passed into the crowded thoroughfare, one Mr. Jabez Brown, a thick-set man, entered the archway leading into the court.

As Mr. Jabez Brown entered the court, Mr. Ryder resumed his seat at his desk, and Caleb Rue, having retired again to the kitchen, was going through the most extraordinary antics.

"The beast!" he hissed, contorting his body into hideous and grotesque shapes. "He has got the poor girl into a trap! I could tear him to pieces, limb from limb!"

The fury of the wretched youth grew and grew until nature could no longer endure it, and he fell forward on to the floor of the kitchen, foaming at the mouth, in a fit.

## CHAPTER SIX.

### Evil Counsel.

*There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man,*
*In some condition, may be brought to approve;*
*Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,*
*When flattering opportunity enticed,*
*And desperation drove, have been committed*
*By those who once would start to hear them named.*

THE hardest word in the English dictionary is "*Good-bye!*"

Evelyn had said the word, and her suffering was intense. Together with this, she was almost overpowered by the thought of her father's dishonour and the remedy by which she was to save him. The hard face, with the bead-like black eyes of Mr. Ryder, haunted her and ate into her heart; yet she did not give way to despair, although the world was worse than a blank to her; she kept calm and reasonable, with a full determination to do her duty.

After taking leave of her lover, and after a few minutes' conversation with her father, when in a few words she told him Mr. Ryder's conditions, she went upstairs to her room, where she locked herself up, to be alone with her bitter thoughts for a short time.

His daughter having thus retired, Mr. Silver roamed about the house like one in a dream. From one room to another he flitted like a restless ghost, as, indeed, he was—a ghost of his former self. Presently he found himself in the hall, standing before the table, on which was a visiting card left some hours before by Gerald Minton.

Mr. Silver picked up the card and read the name and address mechanically and half aloud. He read it again and again, till at last he began to understand whose name it was he was reading, and where his lately gone visitor resided. And as he read a bright idea struck him—at least, he thought it a bright idea.

"Mr. Gerald Minton! Yes—my dear daughter's lover!" he mumbled out in a dreamy sort of way. "It's shocking! What a vile thing am I to have brought such wretchedness on you both! But not so vile, not so vile as Percival Ryder, who buys a girl with her father's dishonour. Percival Ryder, I wish I had you here!"

It would have been very bad indeed for Percival Ryder if Silver could have had his wish. The wretched man clutched at the air with hands full of the nervous strength of madness. The events of the past few hours had turned John Silver's brain!

"Gerald Minton, it's only right that you should know everything. I'll—I'll tell you everything. I will, indeed. Perhaps you can see your way out of it—or, rather, can see a way of putting Percival Ryder out of it!"

And the unhappy man laughed.

"I'll call upon you at once," continued Mr. Silver, still gazing with a fixed stare at the card. "Let me see, 7 Selwyn Chambers, Victoria Street. I'll drive there now."

He put on his hat, went out, called a hansom, and drove off, urging the man to drive as fast as possible.

"I'll tell him all!" he went on, and lighting a cigar, having made up his mind, he really seemed more at his ease. "I'll—I'll tell him more than the truth. I will let him suppose that Percival Ryder is even worse than he is. I'll be very subtle, and I feel sure that this young man, with his great love for Evelyn, will find a way of removing this difficulty, and, with it, all evidence of my guilt. I—I hope I am doing it all for the best. Surely, it must be for the best!"

It is not a long drive from Kensington to Victoria Street, and Mr. Silver arrived at Selwyn Chambers immediately after Gerald, who had walked very slowly, over-burdened with his sorrow. The young man, who was in the hall when Silver knocked, opened the door himself and was much surprised to see his visitor.

"Oh, Mr. Silver!" he cried, as he took his hand. "Come in! May I hope from your visit that something has changed Evelyn's terrible determination?"

"Listen! I will tell you everything, my dear boy," said Silver, "and you can judge for yourself whether you can hope or not."

They sat down opposite one another, and the older man talked. When he left Minton, two hours later, there was a look of satisfaction on Silver's face. On that of the young man there was an expression that was foreign to it. It was hard, determined, and even cruel.

Left alone, Gerald paced his room up and down like a caged lion.

"Poor girl! Poor girl!" he muttered. "But, thank God, I have enough money and to spare to make it straight with this man Ryder, and, if he will not take the money and insists, I'll——"

He stopped short, and, suddenly sitting down at the piano, began to play. At first the music was jerky and erratic, but it soon changed, and before long was soft, subdued, and beautiful, although it was sad. As the music changed, so changed this young man's face. The evil look vanished, and his handsome features once more resumed their kindly, honest expression.

He played on for a considerable time, with the touch of the artist and the soul of the poet. He left the piano with a sigh, and went out. It was then about seven o'clock in the evening.

"I feel better now," he said, "and more able to talk to this Percival Ryder."

And so Gerald Minton turned his face Citywards to pay a visit to the Silent Court.

It seemed, therefore, that there were many gravitating to this spot. It would have been better for one and all if they had turned their steps in another direction.

The sun set that evening blood-red.

**(Another long instalment of this splendid story next week.)**

## THE SMALL BOY AGAIN!

A SMALL boy had been told repeatedly that he must never ask for anything at table, but should wait patiently till he was served.

One day, while dining at a neighbour's with his mother, the little fellow was accidentally overlooked.

Patience finally ceased to be a virtue, and in an audible whisper he asked:

"Mother, do little boys go to Heaven when they starved to death?"

ROBBINS: "I didn't think you had any idea of marrying the widow."

Newlywed: "I hadn't; it was an idea of hers."

HE: "So you think love is like a photographic plate. Why?"

She: "Because it needs a dark room to develop it!"

"FATHER, are generals brave men?" asked Johnny of his parent.

"Yes, my son, as a rule, I think they are," was the answer.

"Then why do artists always make pictures of 'em standing on a hill miles away, looking at the battle through an opera-glass?"

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Turn back to page 193 and start to read the new serial story.

# THE DEVIL'S ADVOCATE.

By HENRY T. JOHNSON.

*Author of "The Snare of Gold," "Dead to the World," etc.*

## CHAPTER THIRTY-ONE.

### The Sentence of the Combine.

THERE was a run that night upon the papers; the extra-specials went off like hot rolls, the streets vibrating with the hoarse cries of their vendors.

LOMBARD STREET MURDER!

GREAT SCENE IN COURT!

ARREST AND CONFESSION!

And the shibboleth in every tavern was: "After you with the special paper!"

Like a bombshell came the news "Acquittal of Henry Fernside!" and the Man in the Street echoed the word "acquittal" in indignant interrogation.

"Dane's got him off! The Devil's Advocate has scored another win, and at long odds!"

The air buzzed with these and the like phrases, and people who had already settled the matter with perfect satisfaction to themselves, if not to the prisoner on trial, impatiently declared that it was becoming a scandal the way the Devil's Advocate baffled judges and juries and flung wide the prison doors for those only safe within them.

And then came the second bombshell—the collapse and confession in full and open court of Panting, and, settling down next morning to read details and descriptions of the trial, the evidence, the scene, even above the note of commiseration with Henry Fernside's sufferings and joy at his vindication, arose the chorus of admiration for the matchless advocate, the brilliant past-master of his craft, who, towering above his compeers, outshining by far the judges before whom he pleaded so magnificently, had scored a triumph for justice, his client, and himself.

And the great British public, most devout of hero-worshippers, elevated Franklin Dane to a yet loftier pinnacle, in co-altitude with the ministerial man of the moment, the rider of the Derby winner, and the man who that week carried out his bat at Lord's for two hundred runs.

"Oh, to be that man!" was the expressed, though futile, yearning of his fellow-men of all sorts and conditions, to be talked about and read about, the theme of public enthusiasm, the idol of the fleeting hour!

And all the while that man, pacing his library all alone, was realising in the set calm of desperation that the for long inevitable had come to pass, that he had rebelled against a tyrant as relentless as ubiquitous and strong, and that his doom was sealed.

"Father!"

It was Gladys who entered, radiant and happy in the deliverance and vindication of her lover, yet with one looming cloud in her blue sky, one discord jangling and jarring on the music of her heart; her loving gratitude to her father alloyed with her fear for him.

"You must—you will tell me now!" she said. And there, while she paced beside him, clinging to his arm, he unburdened his heart, heavy and bursting with the shame and sorrow of his life, and told her all.

And she, so far from, as he a thousand times in his dreams and wonderings had dreaded, shrinking from him with aversion, with her angelic pity enfolded him, remembering not his weakness, but his trial, not the wrong-doing, but the temptation and, after—the compulsion. He was more sinned against than sinning, not hers to judge or blame him; he was to her, before all and after all, the loving father whom she loved.

"But this villain—your evil angel, your tyrant—you must avert. You must evade his vengeance. Yet—no! no!—not evade, for where should a man be more secure than here in England? Your watchword is defiance. Let him do his worst! Do you think such as he dare invoke the talons of the law—of the law that is their enemy, their dread?"

Her words gave Dane new heart. He started at a knock, following a ring. Was, then, his enemy so swift? Was Nemesis already at his heels? He put her clinging, loving hands aside. Physically, Franklin Dane was no coward, albeit his moral courage, undermined in one weak, pitiful moment, had been so long strangled in his tyrant's grip.

"Leave me, my dear one!" he pleaded.

And she, deeming danger near, said: "No!" But the voice beyond her was the voice of—not an enemy, but a friend. It was asking excitedly: "Say, is Mr. Dane around? If that's so, I've got to see him right now; if not, say so, 'cause we've got to hustle!"

And Gladys, a strange relief at her heart, called eagerly:

"Mr. Dallinger, papa is around!" Then, with something of her old merriment: "Guess he's right here, and you're to come away up right now!" And Mr. Dallinger exclaimed to someone who accompanied him:

"That's one of his angels. Say, ain't her voice music?"

Reaching the room where Dane awaited him alone, he advanced, and seized both his hands.

"Mr. Dane, sires," he said, "I want to tell you you're the greatest man I know. You're Chauncey Depew and the late J. P. Benjamin, rolled into one! You wiped the floor this afternoon with the Bar of your great country. There's a dollar pile as high as a chimney shaft waiting across the Atlantic for you to cross and stake your claim around. Did I not say that boy was innocent? I reckon I said that before I'd synchronised my meeting with him outside that bank and the crime that was going on within it. Which brings me to my point," and here Mr. Dallinger, seating himself, wiped his forehead with a yellow silk handkerchief, which he placed in the hat beside his chair. Then he went on:

"I have here, sir, the other party to that alibi we were prepared to set up."

Dane nodded to Sergeant Fentiman, then looked at Dallinger inquiringly. And the other, as if in answer, said: "I told you the sergeant was hot upon a clue to the man who did in my brother Jake last Fall."

Dane gave an involuntary start, a perceptible one, for Dallinger exclaimed:

"Shucks, I ought to have more heart; the man's run down with one big strain! Only, there's no time to lose; Sergeant, you do some of the talking."

"It's like this, sir," said the sergeant. "As the result of Augustus Panting's confession, we've at last nabbed Jerry Barker—a man we've watched for years, only, so far, he's been too clever for us, for he's as artful as he's brutal, is Jerry. Panting has let out enough to indicate there were others in it with him, controlled by one hand. From information I have received, Barker has worked with the very man we know as the 'Ganger,' and I've an idea I can trace the Ganger's influence and methods in the bank robbery."

"That there was influence, I reckon is as plain as I am," said Seth Dallinger. "The Panting boy hadn't the brain to plan the frauds, even if fright gave him nerve to execute them."

A bell clanged down below, a voice asked for Dane peremptorily. And the tone of that voice told Franklin Dane that Leopold de Fonseca came to pronounce, perhaps to execute, the sentence of the Combine. And it did more—it furnished him with an idea!

And, swift as that idea flashed to his brain, he said, turning to his companions with a sudden, fierce energy that startled them:

"You're in the nick of time! Quick! Ask no questions—there's no time!"

Even as he spoke the words, he seized them by the shoulders, hustled and bundled them into the embrasure of the window within the ambush of the heavy curtain.

"Wait!" he said. "Make no sound, no movement, till I call on you; only wait and listen and be ready, sergeant, to bring down your quarry!"

Impelled by his vehemence, they made no resistance of word or action.

In the darkness of their hiding-place, they heard a step upon the stair; a rancorous voice called: "Franklin Dane, where are you?" and then the slam of the door, a swift, striding step, and a fierce, passion-shaken voice exclaiming:

"So you've queered the pitch? You've carried out your threat at last and hurled defiance at the Combine?"

"What of that? I have done my duty for once, at last, thank God, for duty's sake!"

"You don't know what you've done!" the other hissed. "You don't know what you've brought on yourself!"

"Nor care!" said Dane. "Let it be what it will, it cannot be worse than the dread of it."

"You think not? Wait till the world is ringing with your name more loudly than it rings with that of the poor fool you've sent to the scaffold!"

"No! If he goes there, it is his crime that sends him."

"But you had my orders to ride to lose—to let the other fellow swing!"

"And, thank God, I flung your orders to the winds!"

"And you shall pay the penalty, by Heaven! To-morrow all the world shall know that Franklin Dane has for twelve years past been the counsel, the adviser of our gang, the guide and scout, telling us how, in our long firm and City swindles, we could cheat and trick the law."

"All this under compulsion—remember! The threat of the exposure of one misdeed compelling me to another and another, and so on for years and years, since the first, when I—God help me!—a starving man, remembering my starving wife and children, in one weak moment became a thief in the sight of myrmidons of your infernal association, who swiftly retarded the undoing that repentance and remorse had already commanded, that was almost begun!"

"What's the good of crying over spilt milk? That's all ancient history. You know you've been in with us right to the neck for years and years; have shown us the way out of the very snares you've been paid to lay for us. We've got you set!"

"Are you quite sure?" Dane asked grimly.

"Certain sure. Remember, the Combine has got its branches; its talons are as long as they are numerous and deadly. The Ganger, the Foreman, will be to-morrow far away"—a rustle in the curtains escaped his notice—"but he'll pull the strings, and the machine will go on working!"

"Suppose I, too, go far away?"

"Try to make a bolt of it; see how far you'll get. Remember this! You'll be shadowed; the Combine will be on your heels, and, when it wants to, it'll down you!"

"But, Leopold de Fonseca," said Franklin Dane, turning and facing his deadly enemy with so firm a front that the other wondered if by chance he might hold some card that had been lost count of up his sleeve, "that is a plan I only thought of to abandon; I mean to stay and face the music!"

"You mean to face the music? You will?" exclaimed the other. "You'll stay and fight the Combine? The Lord help you! You know that Jerry Barker's lagged? Do you think he'll keep his mouth shut when we tell him to speak out?"

"Mr. Barker," said Dane quietly, "belongs, as I understand, to a minor and outside branch of the organisation you have the honour to control, and that it has been my ill-luck to be controlled by. I doubt if Mr. Barker understands sufficient of my part or share in the work of the Combine to talk about it."

"You forget! It was Jerry Barker who helped to clear Jake Dallinger away when we had done with him!"

Had his back not been to the curtains, he must have seen the spasmodic movement within them.

"You mean," said Franklin Dane, slowly and steadily, "when *you* had done with him—when *you* had fired the shot that killed him?"

"While he covered me!" said the other sullenly. "If I hadn't fired through my pocket, he'd have shot me dead!"

"Not so!" said Franklin Dane. "You know he covered you with his revolver that he might leave that room unmolested. You know, too, that I had neither part nor share in that cold-blooded murder; that I was paralysed with horror at its perpetration!"

"What's it matter what I know? What does it matter what you know? All that matters is that I shall make the world believe, with Jerry Barker's aid, that it was you who fired that shot; that it was you who bribed him heavily to clear away the carcass and to send it floating down the Thames. You know Seth Dallinger; you know his mission here; he makes no secret of it. There's something else he means to do besides buying up railway and steamship companies—he's here to get his own back on the man who killed his brother Jake!"

"I know—I know!" said Dane triumphantly, and the call to Fentiman and Dallinger was on his lips when——

A door opened. He checked himself.

"Gladys! So much the better!" exclaimed Fonseca, with fierce exultation. Then an oath of disappointment escaped him. It was Dolores!

"Now, Franklin Dane," he said, "once and for all. Mark you, this is the last time. I warn you I am going to set the ball rolling and then to clamour your story through other voices to the world. There's only one way out of it for you; take it or leave it. After this, when I have gone, your choice is gone, your chance is gone. Give me your daughter Gladys to save you; at your call, she will come to me. Will you say that word?"

"Never!"

"Then I go to crush you!"

"No!" said Franklin Dane. "There is still another way!"

"What is that?"

"I mean to keep you here!"

Gently, meantime, putting Dolores aside, he planted his back against the door, and stood defying the other.

"What's your game?" Fonseca shouted. "You think you've got me trapped? Why, then, there's no one here to know except your girl, who can neither see nor hear. Take that!"

He snatched a pistol from his hip-pocket at the moment Dane called, "Dallinger! Come out!" and, raising it above his head, brought it down swiftly and pulled, once—twice——

At the very moment that Dolores, by chance or some strange prescience, some instinct of danger to her father——who can tell?—glided between them, so that Fonseca's forearm struck her shoulder, the flash of the first shot almost scorched her eyes, its report and that of the second shot rang—bang! bang!

And so set loose the nerves held by paralysis in bondage and broke the seal! Yes! broke the seal till then defying sound, as, with the swift, scorching flash, the seal upon her sight was broken!

Seth Dallinger and Fentiman, springing from their hiding-place, made for Fonseca. But they had a tiger to deal with—and this time the tiger was at bay. A third report; the detective's arm dropped, broken above the elbow, and he staggered, faint and sick. Seizing and swinging by its legs a rosewood table, Fonseca felled Seth Dallinger with a crash. But the tough American was game—and he was in the tracks of the man who had killed his mother's boy!

"Sound your whistle, Fentiman!" he shouted, scrambling to his knees and hurling himself towards the swiftly-opened window.

Just a second too late! For Leopold de Fonseca, with a wild leap, had reached a wall below, and was gone out into the night.

But, though the quarry had found cover, the hounds were not to be denied. Gladys Dane and Alan Adair, rushing into the room, beheld among the *débris* Dolores, standing with a pained face in the centre of the room, where lay, almost at her feet, the prostrate body of her father.

"Heavens, what has happened?" Gladys cried. "Alan! See to my father! Oh, my darling—my darling!" and, taking Dolores in her arms, in her swift touch-language she asked what had happened, so far as the other could tell.

To her surprise, from her sister's lips came a series of babbling, far from unmusical, but incoherent, unintelligible sounds, like unto, some of them, the bleating of a lamb, the cry of a wounded hare, the babble of a child, and, with her fingers, rapidly on her sister's hand which she clung to as if in terror, she said:

"I can see! I can see! Life and sight came to my eyes, and, of a sudden, sound and hearing to my ears; but it is all terrible—I am afraid!"

"Alan!" cried Gladys. "She says she can see—can hear!"

"Yes," groaned Alan, "the reflex shock has come! Heaven, that it should come thus!"

"What is that? Who is that lying there? Who is that kneeling?"

"Oh, Dolores," groaned Gladys, "that is our dear father lying there in Alan's arms, and he is dead!"

The words came swift from her heart to her lips, for, in her pitiful grief, she had forgotten that sound, though restored, had not yet to her beloved one its value, and in the old way, with the swift, soft, deft touch, she told her sister it was her father lying there supported by Alan Adair, and, lest later Dolores should chide her for not having told her that he was dying, that his life-blood was ebbing from the pistol wound above his temple.

And Dolores knelt beside the prostrate man, kissing the face, now growing pale and cold. Gladys, too, kneeling to staunch the ebbing, crimson tide, kissed him, sobbing:

"Father! Father!"

And Nature's instinct taught Dolores, and the first word she framed with the speech so long withheld was: "Father! Father!"

The glazing eyes lit up with a glad, thankful light; the ebbing, vital spark, too, flared up, just ere extinction. The paling lips moved in a loving smile.

"Dolores! Oh, thank God!" he said—and died.

(To be concluded.)

"LIVES have been altered and shaped by a single word."

"That's so. When Miss Cash said 'No' I knew at once I should have to go to work for a living."

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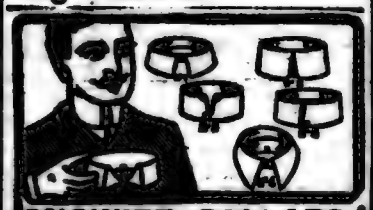

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*Isobel*

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**Evils of the Too Domesticated Housewife.**

SOME men are very fond of laying down the rule that "woman's sphere is the home." How truly they have been taken at their word by a vast number of the fair ones, and how dolefully do those same men wish they had never uttered it.

That little word "home," in fact, is often the intrusive third party in marriage, to which "husband" takes second place. If it were a little less emphasised in the conversation of men, perhaps their married lives would be happier.

Many marriages have been made absolutely miserable by this home mania. To realise why this is the case, one must examine rather carefully the feminine mind and outlook in life.

Many a girl gives her hand willingly to a suitor partly out of affection for him, but very largely because he is that which brings her what is her one ideal in life, a "home."

Home to many women sums up the all-in-all in life. It is to her what fame and fortune are to many a man, and may be a formidable rival to a husband in the woman's heart.

"Home!" she says sweetly to herself. What does it mean? Nice things, neat furniture, snow-white curtains, peerless carpets, a piano, pictures, ornaments, nick-nacks. A place to receive one's envying friends. A place to which one's entire thought may be given, an incessant occupation for the mind, a dozen delicious hobbies rolled into one.

Woman looks at home through the same roseate spectacles as youth, perhaps, looks at fame on the battlefield, or in sport, in literature, art, politics, or fortune bringing in its wake the good things of life, travel, and never-ending pleasure.

Quest of such things in man often turns the thoughts from the mere province of love, as we can easily see by the fact that so many of our leading men are either bachelors, or men who have married only late in life, after their first ideals have been won.

Can it not, then, be understood that "home" holds high place in woman's natural affections? The only difference between the gratification of her dream for home, and man's for fame and fortune, is that she can only obtain hers through the medium of a husband. Therefore, many a girl in saying "yes" to the question, is thinking of that sweet little villa which will be hers, or that too, too exquisite flat, and of the man himself, but as the means of obtaining it.

There have been marriages made in which, to the outward eye, every prospect pleases. The charming bride, looking the pink of perfection, the husband worthy of her, as far as, in mere looks, that is possible in a mere man.

The contemplative bachelor has reproached himself, bidding himself go and do likewise, in order that he, too, may form the second figure in so gratifying a picture. Then the happy pair have gone their way, to the re-echoing of congratulations, and after awhile, perhaps, been forgotten.

Two, three, or four years pass away, and one meets them again. She is still perfect—perhaps a trifle matured, but as nice as ever in style, clothes, and ideas. But in his face is a somewhat careworn, perhaps hunted expression.

Why, you ask, should this be? In business, he has thrived and risen. Besides, has he not now a "home" all of his own, and every comfort that a married man could wish—including a little one? It is a riddle to you. To solve it, you must peer behind the scenes.

Husband arrives home tired, after a busy day, hangs his hat in the hall, and flings himself down into the first easy-chair. Wife enters.

"Dearie"—yes, it is still "dearie"—"you are lolling in my best chair. Why don't you take your boots off before sitting down in the drawing-room? You have made a mark on the carpet. You have not shaved. You are a nice man to come into the house."

That is only one situation. The husband is considered only in his relation to the home. Even the carpet, the arm-chair, take first place!

Husband comes home in high spirits one night. A theatre ticket! Will his wife dress and go with him? Thank you, no! It is impossible to leave baby. There is a lot to be done in the house. The wife is so very, very busy in her "home."

One of these days that husband, though caring ever so much for his little wife, does *not* go home when he feels tired, but to the club. When another theatre ticket comes along, he thinks it would be a good idea to take his sister, or even go with another man. It is in those days that the husband is constantly "kept late at the office," and is "called out of town on important business."

Why? Simply because he realises that he is the third member of his matrimonial alliance. She is first, her "home" second, and he is third. Yes, he is still beloved, but a beloved of the third class.

| HOLIDAYS FOR 1904-5. | | 1904. SEPT. | | | | | OCTOBER. | | | | | NOVEMBER. | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Christmas Day | December 25. | S | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | S | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 | S | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 |
| Boxing Day | December 26. | M | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | M | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | 31 | M | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 |
| Good Friday | April 21. | T | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | T | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 | | T | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 |
| Easter Monday | April 24. | W | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 | W | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 | | W | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 |
| Whitsun Monday | June 12. | T | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 | T | 6 | 13 | 20 | 27 | | T | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 |
| Bank Holiday | August 7. | F | 2 | 9 | 16 | 23 | 30 | F | 7 | 14 | 21 | 28 | | F | 4 | 11 | 18 | 25 |
| | | S | 3 | 10 | 17 | 24 | | S | 1 | 8 | 15 | 22 | 29 | S | 5 | 12 | 19 | 26 |


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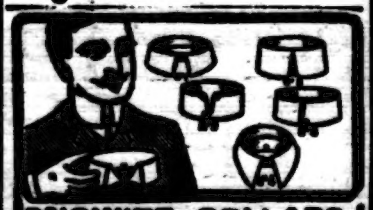
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Woman looks at home through the same roseate spectacles as youth, perhaps, looks at fame on the battlefield, or in sport, in literature, art, politics, or fortune bringing in its wake the good things of life, travel, and never-ending pleasure.

Quest of such things in man often turns the thoughts from the mere province of love, as we can easily see by the fact that so many of our leading men are either bachelors, or men who have married only late in life, after their first ideals have been won.

Can it not, then, be understood that "home" holds high place in woman's natural affections? The only difference between the gratification of her dream for home, and man's for fame and fortune, is that she can only obtain hers through the medium of a husband. Therefore, many a girl in saying "yes" to the question, is thinking of that sweet little villa which will be hers, or that too, too exquisite flat, and of the man himself, but as the means of obtaining it.

There have been marriages made in which, to the outward eye, every prospect pleases. The charming bride, looking the pink of perfection, the husband worthy of her, as far as, in mere looks, that is possible in a mere man.

The contemplative bachelor has reproached himself, bidding himself go and do likewise, in order that he, too, may form the second figure in so gratifying a picture. Then the happy pair have gone their way, to the re-echoing of congratulations, and after awhile, perhaps, been forgotten.

Two, three, or four years pass away, and one meets them again. She is still perfect—perhaps a trifle matured, but as nice as ever in style, clothes, and ideas. But in his face is a somewhat careworn, perhaps hunted expression.

Why, you ask, should this be? In business, he has thrived and risen. Besides, has he not now a "home" all of his own, and every comfort that a married man could wish—including a little one? It is a riddle to you. To solve it, you must peer behind the scenes.

Husband arrives home tired, after a busy day, hangs his hat in the hall, and flings himself down into the first easy-chair. Wife enters.

"Dearie"—yes, it is still "dearie"—"you are lolling in my best chair. Why don't you take your boots off before sitting down in the drawing-room? You have made a mark on the carpet. You have not shaved. You are a nice man to come into the house."

That is only one situation. The husband is considered only in his relation to the home. Even the carpet, the arm-chair, take first place!

Husband comes home in high spirits one night. A theatre ticket! Will his wife dress and go with him? Thank you, no! It is impossible to leave baby. There is a lot to be done in the house. The wife is so very, very busy in her "home."

One of these days that husband, though caring ever so much for his little wife, does *not* go home when he feels tired, but to the club. When another theatre ticket comes along, he thinks it would be a good idea to take his sister, or even go with another man. It is in those days that the husband is constantly "kept late at the office," and is "called out of town on important business."

Why? Simply because he realises that he is the third member of his matrimonial alliance. She is first, her "home" second, and he is third. Yes, he is still beloved, but a beloved of the third class.

| HOLIDAYS FOR 1904-5. | | 1904. SEPT. | OCTOBER. | NOVEMBER. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| Christmas Day | December 25. | S 4 11 18 25 | S 2 9 16 23 30 | S 6 13 20 27 |
| Boxing Day | December 26. | M 5 12 19 26 | M 3 10 17 24 31 | M 7 14 21 28 |
| Good Friday | April 21. | T 6 13 20 27 | T 4 11 18 25 | T 1 8 15 22 29 |
| Easter Monday | April 24. | W 7 14 21 28 | W 5 12 19 26 | W 2 9 16 23 30 |
| Whitsun Monday | June 12. | T 1 8 15 22 29 | T 6 13 20 27 | T 3 10 17 24 |
| Bank Holiday | August 7. | F 2 9 16 23 30 | F 7 14 21 28 | F 4 11 18 25 |
| | | S 3 10 17 24 | S 1 8 15 22 29 | S 5 12 19 26 |


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On page 193 readers will find the opening chapters of a brilliant and powerful serial by an author whose work has not before appeared in these pages, though it is well known to most novel lovers, more particularly from the book he published called "The Haunted House in Berkeley Square," which had a great run a few years back. I hope that every reader—even though not caring, as a rule, for serial stories—will look through this week's instalment of "The Mystery of a Silent Court"; the time they spend on it will, I am sure, be amply repaid by the enjoyment they derive from it, and they will undoubtedly wish to read the story to the end. Turn back now to page 193 and start the story.

I HAVE had quite an interesting letter from Mr. P. Doubleyou, who is now in the Near East. Here it is:

"My journey had a queer 'bust up' at Patras! I went for a look round, with a view to writing up the currant trade. Having done so, some ruffian came up to me and said, 'Your boat sails at 12.0, not 11.0; I'm a fireman on board.' So I prolonged my stay and went for a bathe—a Greek bathe. When I strolled leisurely back to the quay at 11.30, the s.s. *Danube* was gracefully steaming seawards, and I was left in a strange land without a syllable of Greek to my credit. The French came to the rescue. The Messagerie people told me it was all right. I could catch a Greek boat *viâ* the Gulf of Corinth, and the Corinth Canal for Poialas and Athens at that very moment! I boarded her, and spent twelve very quaint hours. The experience was most queer, as our boat conveyed, it seemed, all the rascally scoundrels in every conceivable costume of the Levant. It was a floating menagerie. I am now in Athens, which is tropically hot, and a very white, civilised place. I shall rejoin the *Danube* to-morrow at Poialas, and arrive at Constantinople on Sunday or Monday, with a break at Salonika. I am now posting you two articles—I found that Greece could scarcely be omitted from my series, as it is wonderfully and strangely up-to-date. The people are very queer—one section highly refined, speaking French with a most finicking accent, while the others are rank barbarians in native costumes, as unclean as they make them.

"I shall post a third article from Constantinople, describing my glimpse of Athens, Saloniks, and the approach to Constantinople. After that, of course, there should be a great deal, as I find the East full of unexpected civilisation." The first article of Mr. P. Doubleyou's new series appears in this number.

IN an article on the life story of a New Zealand lamb, which appeared in a recent number of *P.W.*, mention was made of a defrosting machine resembling a merry-go-round. This machine is not at present in use, but is shortly to be put to work by the British New Zealand Meat and Produce Company, who propose to open shops for the sale of meat defrosted by this special process only.

"A FRIEND of mine," writes A. S., "went to a phrenologist the other day, to have his bumps told. Among other things, it was said that his bump of selfishness was fully developed. Now, if by the exercise of his will power, he overcame his selfishness, would the bump disappear?"——No, of course not. If he overcame the selfishness by will power, he would be none the less naturally selfish. A quality may be controlled or counteracted by another quality, but it remains nevertheless, and the bump denoting it remains too. Many of us do not commit murder because of our bump of common-sense and our joy of living, but that does not alter the fact that a good many of us are naturally murderous, and if that crime were allowed to go on unchecked in our time, a good many of our mildest friends might turn out to be surprisingly sanguinary.

RESULT OF THE "MOTOR" COMPETITION.

A PENKNIFE has been sent to each of the following:

E. Jones, 79 Lynwood Road, Blackburn; F. M. Whittingham, 22 Tothill Road, Plymouth; H. Rowell, Seymour Street, Cockton Hill, Bishop Auckland; D. Wheeler, Rose Cottages, Braintree; G. Dixon, Blue Bell, Egremont, Cumberland; Sergt.-Major W. Stroud, 124 Battery, R.F.A., Bulford Camp, Wilts; G. Rose, 6 Armour Street, Kilmarnock; J. Powell, 147 Waldegrave Road, Brighton; S. Birchall, 27 Curzon Road, Bolton; S. C. Crocker, 48 Ventonleague Hill, Hayle; H. French, 16a Peabody Buildings, Farringdon Road, E.C.; Mrs. Dent, The Stores, Hazelbeach, Northampton; J. Mawson, The Scroggs, Loughrigg, Ambleside; E. Hamilton, Donaghadee; F. H. Broomfield, 41 Westcombe Hill, S.E.; G. Anderson, 66 Lightwood's Road, Smethwick; G. Rogerson, 25 South Road, West Kirby, Cheshire; M. W. Daws, 10 Brunswick Avenue, Hull; S. W. Skene, Market Deeping, Lincs.; W. P. Jones, 16 Market Street, Carnarvon; R. Gilchrist, 207 Kenmure Street, Pollokshields, Glasgow; D. W. Dean, 8 Commercial Road, Liverpool; E. P. Skill, 102 Glengall Road, Kilburn; W. Watson, 6 Coney Street, York; P. G. Squirrell, 7 Upper Brook Street, Ipswich.

F. H. has had an argument with a friend as to which of the following two sentences is correct, and calls upon me to give my decision, by which they have agreed to abide: "I have *sewn* the button on," "I have *sewed* the button on."——The second sentence is correct, F. H. There is no such word as *sewn*, the past participle of the verb "to sow" (seed) is *sown*, but that of the verb "to sew" (to stitch) is *sewed*.

A MAJOR in the Indian Army writes in reference to the paragraph in which it was stated that the Tibetans use the very best and choicest of teas, to say that this refers only to the high officials and the wealthy classes. He tells me that the tea exported from China for Tibetan consumption is made of the largest and coarsest leaf which cannot be utilised in the manufacture of the ordinary kinds of tea. These leaves, to which are added twigs of the plant, are gathered and buried in pits in the ground, and when fermentation takes place, the mass is pressed into bricks and exported into Tibet.

As most people know, a Limerick is a nonsense rhyme made up on lines similar to the following:

A little black boy from Australia
Attempted to steal the Regalia.
He was caught just in time
Ere committing the crime,
But he always regretted his failure.

A gold-plated pencil-case will be given to each of the twenty-five persons who sends in what the Editor considers the best *original* Limerick. All attempts must be written on post-cards, addressed to THE LIMERICK EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C., and sent so as to arrive not later than by first post on Thursday, September 22nd. Any competitors who prefer to send their attempts under cover, may do so, provided they inclose a few stamps for the FRESH AIR FUND. It is hoped that, where possible, picture post-cards will be used; any received will go to the children's hospitals after judging.

J. A. T., writing from Parow, Cape Colony, tells me what a long journey *P.W.* used to have to take before it reached him, when he lived in the Zoutpansberg: "First there was the sea trip to Cape Town, 6,000 odd miles. From Cape Town it was sent by rail to Pietersburg, Transvaal, 1,200 miles. From there it was sent by post-cart 4 miles, and Cape cart, which took it another 80 miles on its way, to Sweetwaters, in the Spelonken; from there it was handed over to the tender mercies of a native runner, who generally took eight hours to cover the last 15 miles of the journey, so that by the time I got it, it had travelled about 7,300 miles. But its travels were hardly done then, for after I had read it, it was passed on to the next S.A.C. post, and probably from there it went on to a further post, and it would be hard to say when its journey was finished. Needless to say, every word would be read ere it was passed on."

As the FRESH AIR FUND season is now at an end, the Hon. Sec. hopes that all those who have collecting forms will return them as soon as possible, together with the money they have collected, so that the accounts for the year may be made up. Further contributions to the FUND will be welcomed to make sure that there shall be no deficiency when the books are balanced.

THE following ladies and gentlemen, in addition to those whose names have already appeared, have very kindly autographed post-cards for sale in aid of the FRESH AIR FUND: Madame Clara Butt, Miss Ellen Terry, Sisters Bowman, General Booth, Mr. Winston Churchill, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, Mr. Edmund Payne, Mr. Courtice Pounds, Mr. Brandon Thomas, and Mr. George Griffith. Any of these can be had for one shilling each, with the exception of the cards autographed by Miss Ellen Terry, which are five shillings each. In the list previously published, it should have been noted that the cards autographed by Mr. Hayden Coffin, were five shillings each, not one shilling. Applications for special post-cards, or for the full list of those obtainable, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope, should be made to The Autograph Department, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Amount previously acknowledged, £2,856 11s. 8½d.

A Friend, 2s. 6d.; The Yerburys, 10s.; For Joy, 1s.; T. J. T., £1; Anon., 2s.; Margery, 3s.; Marjorie, 2s. 6d.; Anon., £2 2s.; E. C. Burton, 3s. 6d.; W. A. Alter, 9d.; Pat, 3s. 6d.; Normanhurst, 2s.; Tyrol, 5s.; H. M., 5s.; One Who Has Had a Holiday, 5s.; J. Coster, £1 1s.; L. Worthington, 5s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Robert Hinde, £1 10s.; Dublin and Belfast, £1 3s. 6d.; P. W., 2s. 6d.; Picked Up, 2s. 3d.; A. J. 2s.; E. Holloway, 5s. 3d.; Miss Dowie, 3s.; Standard, Brixham, 3s.; W. Blackett, 9d.; W. Leonard, 1s. 6d.; J. J. W., 3d.; E. M., 9d.; A. L. Smith, 1s.; Result of Fairy Play, arranged by Andrew Broom, 7s. 9d.; Mrs. Gittings, 9d.; Eva Cocks, 9d.; Vera, 1s. 6d.; Lovers of Fresh Air, £1 1s.; A Trifle, Hoylake, 1s.; Mrs. E. Taylor, 5s.; H. Alsop, 2s. 6d.; M. Tuckman, 2s. 6d.; Girlie's Mother, 3s.; H. Thornhill, £1; Miss Dougall, 1s. 6d.; Calculus, 5s.; L. V. Salisbury, 2s. 3d.; Conscience No. 2, 10s.; Miss Howland, 5s.; H. C. Talbott Rice, £1; Mia, 1s. 6d.; Ada, 9d.; Twisell Tridge, 1s. 6d.; Sil Phillips and Friends, 7s. 6d.; E. Ford, 6s.; Trouville, 2s. 6d.; T. W. H., £2; Clarham, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Lennox Truvin, £1; T. Osborn, 2s. 3d.; E. Stacey, 3s.; Anon., Droitwich, 6s.; E. and D. Percy, 3s.; The Janverin Family, 2s. 6d.; Workmen's Club, Aberdare, per D. Thomas, £1 1s.; M. F. Hill, 2s. 6d.; Kate Hands, 2s.; Vera Parish, 1s. 6d.; T. Vincent, 2s. 6d.; W. Burns, 2s. 6d.; Major Banning, £1 1s.; Consecutive Competition, 1s. 11d.; T. Wiles, 5s.; Western Loco, Salt River, 10s. 6d.; One Who Has Been, 2s.; E. W. Chapman, £3 3s.; G. T. Fetherisly, £10; Car, 10s.; D. E., 2s. 6d.; Jack, Harry, Popsy, and Kitty, 3s.; Falmouth, 1s. 6d.; Anon., 5s.; C. Drummond, 10s.; C. Hidsdale, 10s.; Harold Browne, £3 2s.; Proceeds of Visitors' Concert at Sea View, per Mrs. G. Morrison, £13 2s. 6d.; A Few Soldiers in Harrismith, per A. B. C., £2 10s.; W. Branston, 10s.; N. Morgan, 2s.; Millie, Hilda, Alfie, and Norman, 3s.; E. James, 5s.; Anon., 2s. 6d.; M. Wilson, 2s. 6d.; Mother and The Little Smith Brothers, 9s.; M. 2s.; Sendof, 9d.; R. Middleman, 10s.; C. Richardson, £1; R. Barnet, 2s. 6d.; Herbert, M. W., 5s.; C. A. Y. E. W .C., 3s.; Bim, 5s.; E. Abbott, 5s.; Mrs. Lindley, £1; R. A. A., 1s. 6d.; Adriatic, 9d.; Mrs. Chowd, 2s. 6d.; J. A. C., 9d.; Mr. Eden and Two Friends, 6s.; L. R. A., 2s. 6d.; A. Y., 2s.; Hermogenes, 3s.; Well-Wisher, 2s. 6d.; Sunny, 10s. 6d.; C. H., W. D., and Zoe, 10s.; Horne, Essex, 6s.; T. D. H., 10s. 6d.; S. Wild, 5s.; In Memory of Snidger, 6s.; R. A. Pearson, 10d.; R. Deverell, 1s. 6d.; L. Ewing, 2s. 6d.; Daisy, Eulalie, and Harry, 9d.; Anon., £1; J. Tompsett, 5s.; Ada, 2s.; A Debtor to Providence, £2; H. Webb, 1s. 6d.; Father of Ten, 7s. 6d.; W. Lilburn, 4s.; D. Coyne, 1d.; Shareholders' Club, Barry Docks, per A. Lewis, 10s.; Anon., 1s. 6d.; Teros, Tottenham, 3s.; J. Coulthard, 1s.; Clerks, 2s.; Family of Brumsat, 5s.; Lover of Children, 10s.; Two Little Vagabonds, 1s. 6d.; P. Davies, 1s.; E. Murray, 2s. 6d.; Senior Girls, Waterloo Road, Pres. S.S., Blyth, per L. C. Young, 5s. 6d.; C. Kemlys-Tynte, £1; H. L. S., 1s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. G. Bellhouse, £1 11s. 6d.; C. D. D., 2s.; Friends Talbot, 2s.; W. Lee, 2s.; M. E. B., 5s.; M. Thraletall, 2s. 6d.; Butter Tub, 6d.; Derby, 2s. 6d.; Lest We Forget, 2s. 7d.; J. W., 2s. 3d.; J. Rickard, 1s. 6d.; K. and A., 1s. 6d.; Two Mites, 1s. 6d.; Mabel Newman, 5s.; A Few Yorkshire Travellers, per R. Wilson, £8 2s.; Anon., £1; Percy Talbot, £8 2s.; F., Diss, 2s.; E. R., £1; R. Langmar, 9d.; J. Minor, 1s.; The Birks, 1s.; J. Baker, 9d.

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*Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, September 15th, 1904, until midnight, Friday, September 23rd, 1904.*


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**Note.—A pencilcase will be awarded to each person whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.**

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